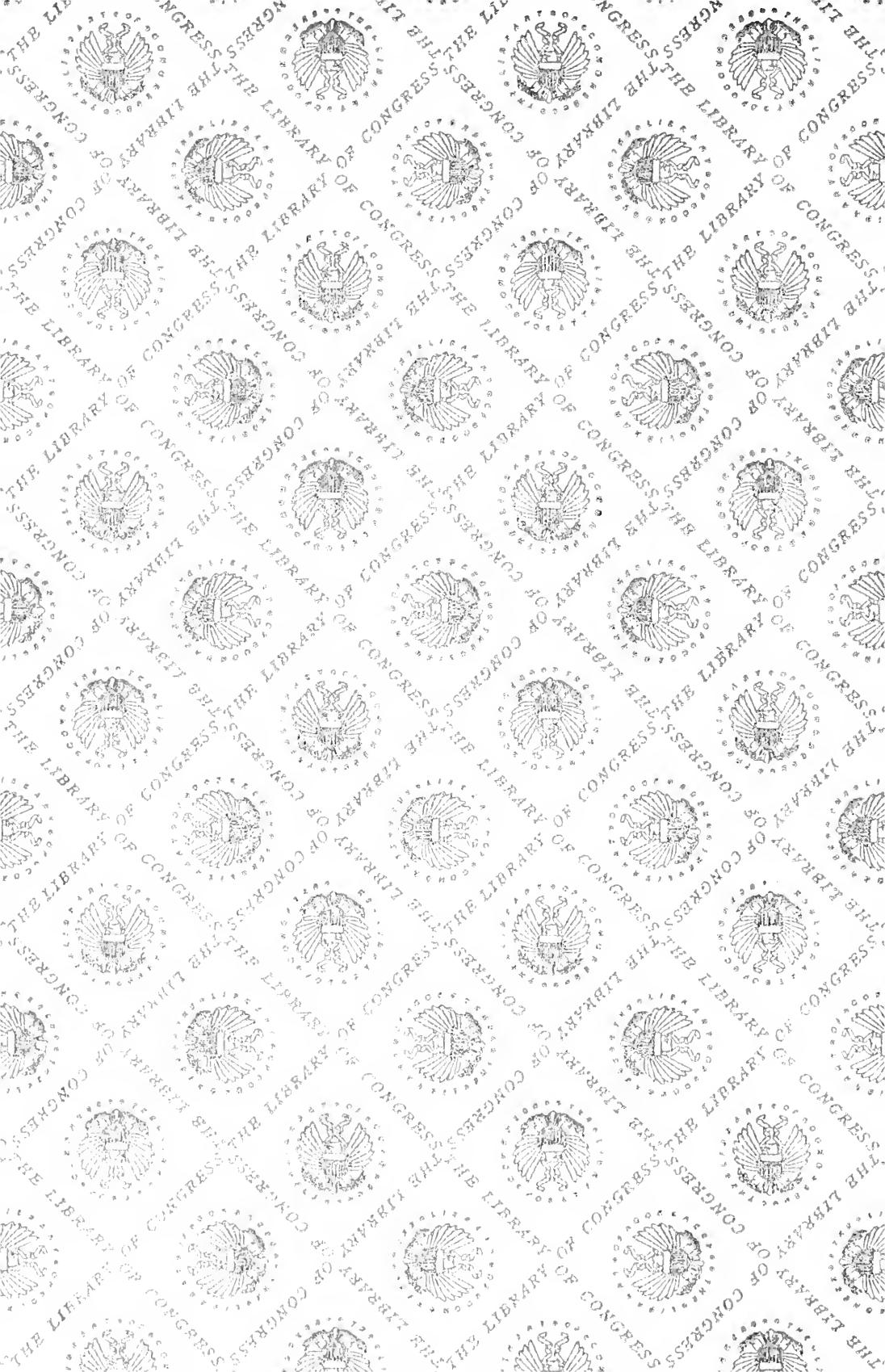


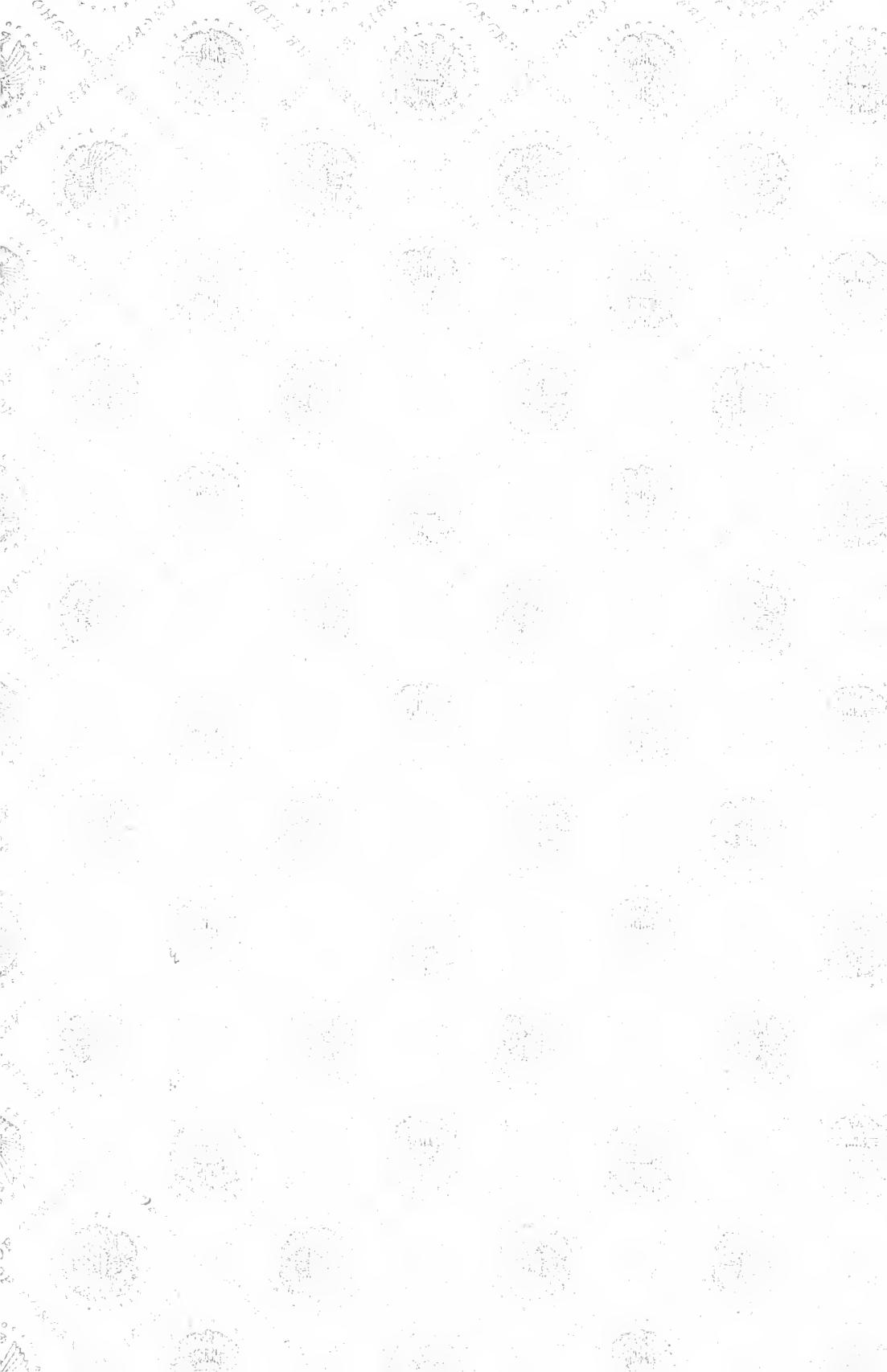
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THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE JOHN DIVINE JONES FUND SERIES

OF

HISTORIES AND MEMOIRS.

II

*Of this letter-press edition two hundred
copies have been printed for sale.*

No. 56

June, 1906.



LOUISA SUSANNAH (WELLS) AIKMAN

THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE

FROM

UNDERTAKEN DURING THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY A DAUGHTER OF AN EMINENT
AMERICAN LOYALIST

IN THE YEAR 1778

AND WRITTEN FROM MEMORY ONLY
IN 1779



NEW YORK

1906

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE JOHN DIVINE JONES FUND
SERIES OF HISTORIES AND MEMOIRS.

I.—HISTORY OF NEW YORK DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. By Thomas Jones. Edited by Edward F. de Lancey. With Notes, Contemporary Documents, Maps, and Portraits. 8vo. Two Volumes. New York, 1879. Price \$15.00.

II.—THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM CHARLESTOWN, S. C., TO LONDON, UNDERTAKEN DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By a Daughter of an Eminent American Loyalist [Louisa Susannah Wells]. 8vo, pp. 132. Portrait and Facsimile page. New York, 1906. Price \$2.00.

P R E F A C E .

THIS volume, comprising “The Journal of a Voyage from Charlestown, S. C., in the year 1778, by Miss Louisa Susannah Wells,” completes the second publication of The John Divine Jones Fund Series.

The Journal is reproduced from a verbatim copy from the original by Mr. W. G. Aikman, of Glasgow, Scotland, great-grandson of the authoress. The portrait is from a miniature painted about 1815.

Miss Wells married, January 14, 1782, Mr. Alexander Aikman, Printer to the House of Assembly and King’s Printer, Jamaica, W. I., and for many years a member of that body.

The Index is by the Librarian of the Society.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF LOUISA SUSANNAH (WELLS) AIKMAN . . .	Facing Title-page.
FACSIMILE OF HANDWRITING OF AUTHORESS	" page 1

The Journal of a Voyage from Charles
Town, South Carolina, to London undertaken during
the American Revolution, by a Daughter of an emi-
nent American, published in the year 1778, and
written, from memory only, in 1779.

London May 3rd 1779.

On the 27th of June, my Uncle Rowan, his Son Paul
Elliot, a Miss Francis Thorne, my Maid Betty and I
went on board the Ship Providence formerly the Insurance
Richard Stevens, Master or mate of Slave in New
England bound to Rotterdam. The other Passengers
were Mr. Stanhope, owner, a Mr. & Mrs. Thomas
and their other Children, the youngest not but more than the
adult, a Mr. & Mrs. Penny, &c. &c. Mr. Webb Captain of the
Toleration master of a Jamaican Ship, which had been
captured and brought into Charles Town but from his
great age was liberated. We soon dropped down to the
River, where we lay ^{had} and staid for several days.

I cannot help relating a trifling circumstance
as it will shew you to what myatty we were re-
duced for the want of British Manufactures. With
much difficulty and trouble, I obtained three yards
of a yard of black Serge; I purchased a pair of
slimy she heels of a piece and, in an obscure
Lane, I found out a Negro shoe-licker who can
be sent to any he for binding. I done the best he can
do them. for these I do no binding + On steps
clinging round with feathers, to go up the side of the ship.
one of my dear bought shoes slipped off. I cast
out, then I must as have forded to Europe! Our

THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM CHARLESTOWN TO LONDON

London, May 3rd 1779.

On the 27th of June, my uncle Robert Rowand, his son Charles Elliot, Miss Frances Thorney, my maid Bella, and I, went on board the Ship " Providence " formerly L'Esperance, Richard Stevens, Master, a native of Trierio in New England, bound to Rotterdam. The other Passengers were Mr. Manson, Owner, Mrs and Miss Manson, and three other children, the youngest not two months old. Mr and Mrs Henry, Mr and Mrs Weir and a Mr Falconer; master of a Jamaica ship, which had been captured and brought into Charlestown; but from his great age was liberated. We soon dropped down to the Roads, where we lay wind bound for several days.

I cannot help here relating a trifling circumstance as it will show you to what necessity we were reduced for the want of British Manufactures. With much difficulty and trouble, I obtained three eighths of a yard of black serge; I purchased a pair of clumsy shoe heels of a Jew; and in an obscure Lane, I found out a Negro Shoe Maker, who said he could make for Ladies. I deny that he could fit them. My shoes had no binding, were lined with French sail-Duck, and the heels were covered with Leather. On stepping out of the Boat, to go up the side of the ship, one of my dear-bought shoes slipped off. I exclaimed, "then I must go barefooted to Europe"! Our Captain declared he would

go to the bottom of the sea first, and almost leaping over the stern, he saved my shoe. Our fears for his safety were not small. On coming on board one of the ladies lent me a Morocco Slipper, two she could not spare. I used to darn my stockings with the ravellings of another, and we flossed out our old Silk Gowns to spin together with Cotton to knit our gloves. In the Country the Ladies were forced to use the thorns of the Orange Tree instead of Pins.

On this day many boats were employed in carrying up Palmetto Trees and Boughs to celebrate, in Town, the Anniversary of the ever inglorious 28th of June 1776! We saw the ruins of the Palmetto Fort on Sullivan's Island, now, Fort Moultrie. The Cannon Balls of the Ships under Sir Peter Parker, lodged in the logs as in a sponge.

On the 1st of July, the wind proving fair, we weighed Anchor, having a Black Pilot on Board, to whom we promised a hundred dollars, Congress, if he would carry us safely over the Bar. As we passed the Point at Fort Johnston, a providential escape I had of being drowned occurred to my memory. I was but ten years old when I attended my Mother with two Infant Sisters, both ill of the Hooping-Cough. We had an apartment in the Governor of the Fort's house, Col. Robert Howarth. I was tired of a Sick-room, and slipped out one day after dinner to walk on the Beach, and seeing the Point uncovered, I imagined it reached to Sullivan's Island, and I thought I might go thither with ease, and be back before dark. The Governor happened luckily to be looking over the Battery, and called out as loud as possibly he could through a Speaking Trumpet, to run as fast as I could or I would be swallowed up in the Sea. He dispatched a Soldier to my assistance, and in a quarter of an hour I saw the Sand-Bank covered with surf! Before that, I had escaped drowning in a Pond in King Street, being pushed off a narrow bridge, of two

planks, by a mischievous girl, who wanted to get before me: but saved by the presence of mind of another, a girl about 12 years old, the eldest daughter of Cato Ash; who ran home to her Mother and told her my disaster, who sent a man to take me out. My other comrades were wringing their hands lamenting my untimely fate. I fell on my side, but should soon have been suffocated as the mud had got into one Nostril. The sequel of my voyage will prove that, a watery Grave is not yet ready for me.

Perhaps you do not know what gave rise to the name the Sea-Island called Coffin Land? I will tell you. When the Hudson's Bay Company obtained so much interest with the then existing Ministry as to have the flourishing Scots Colony of Darien broke up, and its inhabitants recalled: Three large Ships were purchased and fitted up for the reception of such a cargo and sent. One of them was called the "Rising Sun." For what reason she anchored on our Coast I know not, perhaps for provisions or Water, but one of their Clergymen, the Revd. Stobo hearing there was a Scots Presbyterian Meeting House and Congregation on John's Island, came on shore with his wife, the next day, being Sunday and preached to them. A Storm arose in the night, and wrecked the ship on "Coffin Land." Between three and four hundred souls perished. Many of the dead bodies were washed on shore. Women with their infants clasped to their breasts were found cast up on this Island. Mr Stobo soon after was preacher to that Meeting, and I knew his Daughter, old Mrs. Joseph Stanyarne. His great-grand daughter Miss E. Stobo is amongst the number of my correspondents in Carolina. Another of these ships was lost on another part of the American Coast, and only one arrived safe to Scotland to carry the melancholy news. The wreck (of the Rising Sun) was very lately seen by my Uncle and he drew from it several great Nails which are

now to be seen in the Live Oak Tree near his house at Stone-Landing.

Every Person on board the "Providence" were banished except Captain Stevens. Never did any of us experience joy, so truly, as when we found ourselves in the wide Ocean, out of the dominion of Congress. You know the many difficulties the poor Tories had to encounter in procuring ships, getting Men &c. The poor Pilot by whose skill we were indebted for safety, seemed to enjoy our happiness, independent of our contribution, above his Master's fee. The Pilot boat sailed ahead and tracked our way, notwithstanding which we struck twice on this dangerous Bar. We had just reason to suspect that the Pilot of the "True Briton," Jamaica Ship (afterwards the "Prosper" Man of War, and purchased by Sir Edmund Head and Mr Kincaid, who restored her original name) had been bribed to run that unfortunate vessel on the Shoals. These Tories were obliged to return to Town, unload the Cargo, and the bottom of the ship to be repaired, which detained them many months. For this reason we chose a Negro Pilot, their's was a White man. Never shall I forget poor Bluff's (the name of the Pilot) anxiety when our Hay-Stack of a ship missed Stays on the Bar! He said he was a true friend to British Manufactures and that was as much Loyalty as he durst own, but these Revolution times was not so good as before for poor Negroes.

London, May 5th 1779.

Captain Stevens, too, had been ill used in Charlestown. We therefore turned our backs on the Land, which soon disappeared and Captain Stevens sinking a ballast stone said "When that rises, I return." I really joined him from my heart.

A finer breeze, or rather gale, could not blow out of the

heavens, for us. It was S. West. I have since learned that our friends in Charlestown were apprehensive for our safety, the wind being so high. In about seventy hours we had sailed near One hundred and fifty leagues N.N.E. from whence we took our departure, viz. from the Steeple of Saint Michael's Church, now rendered perfectly distinct from being painted black, as well as the Beacon, on the Coast (the Light-house was partly demolished) never being now mistaken for clouds as formerly, when white. Thus has their own caution defeated its own purpose—the Americans thought to conceal their Land-marks from British Invaders. Everything went on extremely well, and every one seemed desirous of pleasing each other. Some of us were Sea sick to be sure, but, I escaped pretty well, till the third night, when every Man, Woman, and Child were “ casting up their accounts.” Poor Miss Thorney was in a sad plight, but we made shift to compose ourselves to sleep. I must here mention a trifling dispute which happened between Captain Falconer and Captain Stevens. We all concluded that we had got out of the track of His Majesty’s Cruisers and had therefore settled matters accordingly. Captain Stevens said he should hoist Irish Colours, viz the Bell and Harp, as soon as we should arrive in the British Channell, and possibly might escape to Holland unnoticed, especially if the Ladies would go upon deck; for our present simple unadorned mode of dress might make us pass for Irish Girls! It would thereby save us the trouble and vexation of an Admiralty-suit. The old Gentleman, Falconer, insisted that if any colours were shewn they should be the Thirteen Stripes, as any duplicity, if discovered, would argue against us—that it would be our interest to be taken and carried into a British Fort, as we did not know the trouble, nor, perhaps, the enormous expense we might be put to amongst the Dutch. In this opinion we all agreed, and the Bell and Harp was silenced.

The Wind still increased, and several squalls ensued; the ship too, was excessively leaky, occasioned by taking in a part of her cargo, six months before. This left two planks of her hold above Water, which when our Indigo and Tobacco were put on board, sunk them below the edge of the water at the Wharf. Guess then how much we gained in our Pumps by the straining of the Ship in the Gales? We thought it not dangerous, but excessively fatiguing to our *small* complement of Men, among which was not a good seaman, excepting the Master and Second Mate. Poor Stevens had just thrown himself into his cot, with his clothes on, when the *Watch* cried out, “A Sail, a Sail! *wear* or we shall be on board of her; but, she does not see us.” Guess our alarm. “All hands upon deck.” We dreaded more our American *Friends* and our new *Allies the French* at that time, than a Man of War belonging to Lord Howe’s Squadron, notwithstanding it would be very disagreeable to be carried into a British Port on the *Western* Shore of the Atlantic. In wearing the Ship, and carrying so much more sail, our little moveables in the cabin and State rooms began both to *walk* and *talk*. The first thing which awakened me was my work basket and a parcel of books tumbling off a shelf upon my head. I got up, asked for a light, but this was denied me, as we were running from an Enemy, who was then in chase of us. I slipped on a wrapping gown, groped about for some letters which had been delivered to me, by the Wives of several Loyalists, to their husbands, in England, with a charge “not to part with them while art, strength or life remained.” I put them into my bed and sat down on the side of it to ruminate on our mishap in not steering a point or two to the Eastward. The gentlemen went upon deck, and we were within hail of the other ship, when a Gun was fired to bring to, it flashed, a second was fired, and the ball went through our rigging. They then

hailed us " Whence from, where bound &c." to which we answered without hesitation. They then hoisted out a boat, which was well manned to take us, *as a prize*. The boat passed under our stern, and as I was then sitting on one of the Lockers at the Cabin window I heard a voice cry out " Get ropes ready "; at this moment a Volley of Musketry was poured on the deck from the Ship. The Shot whistled over the Passengers' heads, upon which they came below, not being yet willing to leave this World. The Man at the Pump was shot through the *hat*, upon which every sailor quitted the Deck and went under hatches, none but poor Stevens being left to combat a twenty gun ship, the people on board of which swearing at him for not laying *to*; however the Lieutenant, and his men in the boat, boarding us, soon relieved him from his solitude by *taking him prisoner*. After placing a proper Guard, the Officer descended but with great seeming reluctance I was told. He drew his sword, whilst Stevens searched for the Ship's papers. I was struck with the Lieutenant's height and bold appearance and, recollecting myself, was not a little disconcerted at discovering that I had no cap on, my hair hung loose and dishevelled, and neither Shoes nor Stockings on my feet. I stole unobserved to my bed, and peeped through the door curtains to see what was going forward. Mr Lock, for that was the name of the officer, supposed us to be French, at least our vessel had that appearance. He was not far wrong in his conjecture, for, Mr Manson had purchased her of some Frenchmen in Carolina; and although she was British built: she was entirely altered in her Masts and Rigging. She appeared so large and high out of the water, they took us for a ship of great force. Lieut. Lock had therefore orders to carry every Male on board of the " Rose," the name of our Captor Ship, which was commanded by James Reid Esq., Our conqueror soon sheathed his weapon, on seeing such a

number of helpless Women and Children, but “owned he was uneasy at coming below amongst so many people, still thinking us French.” Captain Stevens had been a great while in the Danish Service, and therefore spoke English like a Foreigner; and besides we had several French sailors on board. As soon as the Papers were got ready the Master and Owner accompanied the Lieutenant, in order to explain our situation to Captain Reid, but without success. This *hungry Vulture* guessed the value of our cargo, as coming from Carolina, and would hear nothing in our defence. He desired Mr Manson to particularise the contents of the Hold. “Seven hundred Tierces of Rice, Seventy casks Indigo and seventeen Hogsheads Tobacco.” “Seventy of the latter you mean.” “No Sir” returned Mr Manson. “It is no matter,” resumed this disgrace to the British Navy, “I shall know when the Court of Admiralty shall condemn the ‘Providence’ and Cargo as my *lawful prize* at New York.” Upon finding this, Mr Manson left the ‘Rose,’ and returned to us, with his heart *full* of pride, indignation and resentment at being thus treated by the servants of that King for whom we all had suffered so much. It seemed necessary to treat us as Enemies until he chose to consider us as Friends!

London, May 6th 1779.

Lieutenant Lock also came back, and brought with him another officer, McBride I think was his name. The former comforted us as well as he was able, adding that we had not any great reason to believe our Ship should be condemned. Captain Reid had requested it as a favour of him to be Prize Master of our Ship but Mr. Lock refused, being Lieutenant of the ‘Rose’ he had no right to be out of her, but as the other officers seemed to decline, he had offered to come and board us, however, after spending an hour or two with us,

he said he would *so far oblige himself* as to remain in the 'Providence' until we arrived in Port, were it only to be away from Captain Reid, who had the happiness of knowing that he was disliked by most of his officers. I ordered the cabin boy to set Wine on the table, for we had saved a little out of the fire in January, for which Mr. Manson and my Uncle thanked me, as it did not occur to them. Lieut. Lock's toast was "a happy sight of New York" the other said "Well here's d—n to Charlestown." This rude deputy of Captain Reid soon quitted the cabin, to examine our Hen-coops, and said he *had orders* to carry on board of the 'Rose' six Geese, six Ducks, six Turkeys and twelve Dung-hill Cocks and hens! My Uncle forbade him "at his peril to touch them, as he had no right to a single article in the Vessel until condemned by the Courts." He said "the Captain wanted them, and if we gained our cause, he could afford to pay for them." Matters were not settled until eight o'clock in the morning, when old Mr Falconer recollect ed that the Ship had not been pumped for many hours. The whole Ship's company, with several of the Sailors belonging to the 'Rose' wrought hard, for a considerable time, before they could clear her of the water she had gained in that time. Indeed, Lieut. Lock frequently observed to us, during his stay in our ship, that ultimately we should think it providential in having *fallen in* with the 'Rose' as the 'Providence' would not have swam across the Atlantic. She was pumped every two hours till the men were heartily tired, in the remainder of the Voyage. Our running rigging was also very bad, and, one day, with very little stress, our *main sheet* gave way. Had I attempted to have written my Journal last year I should have made but a poor hand at it, as I was then altogether unacquainted with the technical terms used on board of a ship, never having been afloat but in a Canoe or spending an afternoon in the Cabin of a Packet-boat.

The day of our capture was the 4th of July, the day the *unfortunate weather-beaten* Admiral Byron and his fleet met with their disaster! It was very squally, and, with all our exertions, we could not keep up with the ‘Rose.’ In the afternoon we all took to our beds, to try if we could rest, and get refreshed after our fatigue and fright, when lo! Tables, Chairs and every thing which was not lashed, came flying to leeward! The Gentlemen got up, but the Officer on duty had ordered them to shorten sail, as our topmasts had nearly gone by the board (or been carried away). Mr Lock made a signal to our convoy, to wait until we should come up with them, we being altogether defenceless, should we meet a Foe. The ‘Rose’s’ people brought a few Musquets, but before we had only *one pair* of Pistols, and they were in *my Trunk*, the Tories being all disarmed before they left Charlestown.

On the 5th we began to be a little better acquainted with our new Commander, and he seemed perfectly satisfied with his new situation; he declared “he had never been so happy at sea in his life before, never, till then, had he been blessed with the company of Ladies”. Captain Reid was every day sending us some uncivil message, such as, expressions of astonishment that he (Lieut. Lock) sent no letters for examination; surely he had not searched *the Ladies trunks &c.*, at last Lieut. Lock was provoked at such rudeness, “Tell him I have searched Trunks, but can find nothing.” We opened them for him, but, the melancholy effusions of separated families were committed to my care for we had no other papers to hide.

By the first boat, Mr Lock sent to his Mess for a loaf of Sugar and some Lemons, to give us a treat, such delicacies we had not partook of for a long, long time; also some Port Wine for one of the Men who was sick. I mention this to show Mr Lock’s humanity as well as his politeness.

London, May 7th 1779, 6 O'clock a. m.

You see how punctual I am, and how resolved to go through with my task! You must own 'tis an *Herculean Labour?* There is not one woman, in the Parish of St. Bride above the rank of a Housemaid or Washerwoman, stirring yet, but I must not take all the credit of early rising to myself; my Father having a repairing Lease, of twenty one years, of this House, (in Salisbury Square) the Premises are full of Masons, carpenters, Bricks, Mortar and Wood, from five in the morning until seven at night. Helen and I take it alternately to superintend, or rather to watch them; we are in London, the centre of knavery, however you may well remember my habit of early rising; and tho' this day is *not mine to rise soon*, I chose it, lest Indolence should conquer me. Truly, that kills more than the sword! In *your climate*, the only time for recovering from the relaxation which perpetual Summer must produce will be *before* Sunrise. I shall certainly know when I go there, in the meantime I hasten to finish my narrative of last year.

On the third night, viz: July 7th, in the second Watch, the 'Rose' made a signal of another sail, which she intended to give chace to, and, that we must bear away after her. This was not very agreeable, as it obliged us to wear and alter our course. Towards daylight we came up with the chace, which vessel proved to be the 'Active' Privateer of Liverpool. Captain Powell. This Ship had taken, the day before, a Schooner which had left Charlestown the same day on which we sailed. The Schooner's people had informed Powell of our being out, and he was then in pursuit of us; however he would not have found us: for we should have been a good way from both that Latitude and Longitude; for as I observed before, we kept a N.N.E. course and had intended to do so for some days.

I was much amused when in the Gulph Stream with the Flying-Fish which abound there, and with the Gulph Weed floating about. Well might poor Columbus be deceived and conjecture himself not far from Land!

When we had finished our conference with the 'Active' we again steered for the high land of Never Sink, on the Coast of New Jersey. As we drew nearer to the Coast Lieut. Lock observed we might expect to meet with several Cruisers, and from them we might learn some news, Particularly if Philadelphia was evacuated by the British Fleet and Army, as such a report had prevailed in Carolina, and had contributed not a little to the success of the Abjuration-Oath. The 'Rose' had been out on a month's Cruize, and, therefore knew less than we did; but, we were soon put out of doubt, although unwilling to believe it; the next day we spoke the 'Camilla', 'Zebra' and 'Nautilus' Men of War. They gave their intelligence to Mr Cole, acting Lieutenant, who brought the 'Rose' alongside of us in the evening, Captain Reid being laid up with the Gout. He informed us "that Philadelphia and all Pennsylvania was left to the Rebels, and that, the King's troops were retreating "through the Jersies, and also that they had a severe conflict "on the 28th of June in a battle fought at Monmouth Court "House; in which the British were worsted. They had left "several wounded to be taken care of!" and also "that there certainly was a French Fleet of great force, mostly of the Line, in Chesapeak Bay." The latter news staggered us a good deal, but we would not suffer ourselves to believe it; however as a proof of its truth "Lord Howe had ordered all "the Cruisers belonging to His Majesty, into New York "harbour, whither these three were bound".

London, May 8th 1779

After receiving this news, we soon made soundings, and in the morning of July 9th we espied *Never Sink*. I was not well enough to get up and see what gave every person on board so much pleasure, having caught a severe cold, by sitting upon deck, late at night. The next day however I ventured up to see, what my eyes had never before beheld, *namely High Land!* You cannot conceive my surprise and astonishment! I expected to have seen the Land towards the head of the Vessel, but, as I came up stairs, I chanced to turn my eyes to the left, I exclaimed, like a fool, “we shall soon have a thunderstorm for that heavy black cloud portends it.” This speech decided a wager in my Uncle Row-and’s favour, who betted that I would mistake the land for a Cloud.

But I have omitted to mention one material adventure which we met with before soundings were made and which made us all very serious till we were safely anchored in the midst of Lord Howe’s Fleet at Sandy Hook, but this, with the remainder of the subject I must defer till a more convenient season.

London, May 12th 1779.

In the evening of the 8th day of July, 1778, our whole group being assembled on the Quarter-Deck, Lieut. Lock requested us all to be silent for he believed he heard some Guns. We were soon convinced that he was not mistaken, as we all heard them plain enough. We guessed the sounds to proceed from some engagement between a British Cruiser and an American, and, from the firing ceasing, supposed the prize to be taken. The quarter from whence the report came, the time &c., the Lieutenant noted in his pocket book, in order

to have a share, should his conjecture prove true. Next morning being hazy, we saw nothing; but about four o'clock in the afternoon, the look-out at the Main-top Mast-head cried out "a Fleet, a Fleet"! We then concluded it must be some of the Transports from Philadelphia or at any rate the appearance of these Vessels accounted for the Guns which we heard the day before. The guns must have been fired as signals for carrying proper sail during the night, &c. About sunset some of the ships were pretty near us, so that I, short-sighted as I am, could see them plainly with my naked eye!

We had the precaution to nail a sail-cloth before the Cabin Windows and to be careful of shewing lights, lest they might be Enemies: various were our conjectures. Some of us *dreamt* and others *believed* them to be the French Fleet of the Line which we had heard of, but Lieutenant Lock would not hear of such a thing. He said the French Ministry knew better what to do with their ships than to send them to the Americans; but, if they were, he was sure there was a superior force just at their heels. We might, possibly, see some of them before we got into port, and, perhaps have a share in the booty! Thus did he endeavour to quiet his own and our fears. He said it would be a dreadful thing to be taken prisoner just at the beginning of a French War, merely from being out of his own ship; for the 'Rose' although a dull sailor, could easily have left us and made the best of her way, however, we went to bed tolerably composed and slept pretty soundly till four o'clock, the first Watch being kept by the younger part of our Company, and it was by those imprudencies I took my sickness. Mr Allan, one of the Master's Mates who had been sent on board to assist our Commander in navigating the Prize, called up Lieut. Lock and told him the Fleet astern must be French, as we were so near that he could discern the difference in their rig-

ging from that of the English ships, and that unless more sail was made in an hour's time we should be in the midst of them. Mr Allan and Mr Lock both went ahead to hail our Convoy, and to tell the danger we were in. There seemed to be no Watch kept *there* at least no *lookout*. We accordingly crowded sail, and, by ten o'clock, left the Fleet greatly astern. In this distant manner did they keep during the rest of the voyage. On the 11th of July, in the morning of which day, we got a Pilot on board, every Boat we met hailed and asked us if the Fleet was Admiral Byron's or L'Comte D'Estaing's? We told them they were wiser than ourselves in that respect, for that we had had no conversation with these great folks, as we made them *keep their distance*, or, rather, *had kept ours*. By this time we got up to the Light-House it was *Tide of Ebb* and no wind, from which circumstances and the very bad condition of our sails and running rigging we were under the necessity of lying to; but our "trusty and well beloved Cousin" James Reid Esq., made off as fast as he could crowd, nor did he stop until he found himself surrounded by half a dozen double Deckers at Sandy Hook. You will observe that, by water, a gouty old Fellow could run faster than an active young Officer.

Lieut. Lock went down to the Cabin, in order to dress, as he expected to be ordered on board of the Admiral's Ship as soon as we should anchor; but, being very uneasy, he came up on deck, before he had half finished this, to some young Gentlemen very important business, to see if everything was going on right above. What was his astonishment when he found we had drifted with the tide, above a mile since he left the Watch! In a very short time we should have been with our good Friends for they had anchored only three miles below the Light-House. A gentle breeze sprang up as if to our assistance, and we hoisted sail, though not without

some seamen's blessings on the Pilot, for his great care and attention.

We were soon hailed by the 'Swift' Sloop of War! who was going down to reconnoitre. We could give her no satisfactory answers but obeyed her orders in getting out of her way as fast as we could. She at length got near enough to give the Fleet the signal of the day, which they not answering, settled the point at once; for till that moment Lieut. Lock never allowed himself to think they were any other than an English Fleet. The 'Swift' was so apprehensive of being taken that she threw out all her boats in order to be towed in, but the wind increasing she had no occasion for them. All the comfort we had was that the 'Swift' would be taken first, for we were far from being out of danger, had the Comt D'Estaing chose to send a Frigate after us. We had the mortification to see five or six vessels taken by the enemy that day, which were bound to New York, but did not know of its Harbour being blocked up.

London, May 16th 1779.

Again I return to my favourite task. In our way up to the Hook we met with a deal of rubbish floating down with the tide, such as Hen coops, washing tubs &c., &c., which Lieut. Lock said gave him great pleasure, as the ships under Lord Howe were clearing their Decks for action, which he supposed, and hoped, would commence the next morning. Lieut. Lock seemed delighted to think that he had got in time enough to have some share in the glory, and though he were "to lose a Leg or a Wing", to use the sea phrase "yet it would be fighting against the faithless French" our long and unnatural enemies.

As the day had been exceedingly hot and sultry the Ele-

ments seemed to threaten a War above, we therefore made as much haste as possible to our station. We went through the midst of the Fleet, almost every ship of which hailed us, asking "Whose Prize that was"? "from whence" &c. To the first query our Lieutenant seldom gave any answer, being very dubious of her becoming that of the 'Rose'.

The sight of so many interesting objects did not fail to keep as many upon deck as could crawl out of their state-rooms. I did my endeavour, but not without some assistance, as my curiosity was too far excited not to wish to have it gratified. I indulged it in asking the names of the different ships as we passed them, and, was particularly pleased to find the 'Experiment' there, commanded by Sir James Wallace, my Father's intimate and sincere friend; he having been promoted to that ship for the many, and signal services which he had performed at Rhode-Island and at New York, since the American War: particularly against the Batteries in the North River, prior to the taking of the City of New York from the Rebels in 1776 in our little Rise.

We flattered ourselves that a man of Sir James Wallace's character and reputation might have some influence with those in power, and, might possibly, prevent our vessel and cargo from being libelled in the Court of Admiralty: We mentioned this to our commander who promised to let Mr Manson and my uncle have a boat early next morning in order to try their eloquence with Sir James, Adieu.

May 18th 1779.

Memory like many other faculties of the Mind and powers of the Body, only needs exercise to bring it to perfection! My time is not my own. I am often under the necessity of breaking off, perhaps at a most interesting part,

however, as I hate digressions fully as much as you do, I will endeavour to resume the thread of my story.

The Squall which threatened us, now began to operate in a most furious manner ; the Billows tumbled, Ships rolled, and several boats were lost. The Wind was exceedingly high, and thunder, lightening, and rain accompanied it. Our Officers were all upon deck, attending the sails &c., fearing we should run foul of some of our neighbours, which we were frequently in danger of doing : but almost in the middle of this scene of confusion they espied a boat making towards our ship. With great difficulty she made the side of our vessel. Mr Lock had strongly suspected all that day that Captain Reid would send for him as soon as we anchored at the Hook ; nor was he far mistaken. Mr Hargood, Purser of the ' Rose ' was in the Boat, and had orders to supersede our friend, as Prize Master of the ' Providence ' ! Loth! very loth indeed were we all to part with this worthy man. Whilst with us he seemed to render our situation as happy and comfortable as circumstances would permit. Indeed, I am inclined to think, and so did he, that this was the principal reason of his being sent for, however he said " As I am Lieutenant of the ' Rose,' I certainly ought to be on board " of her, as there may possibly, be some work for me to " morrow amongst the French. Should Captain Reid lose " one of his *laced sleeves* possibly I may get some trimming " to mine ". You know the uniform of the Navy too well to be at a loss to guess what he meant. It still continued to rain excessively hard, but all our entreaties for Mr Lock to stay till it was fair were ineffectual : he ordered his Cot, Bedding and Chest to be collected as fast as possible, and set off, first recommending his Successor as a very worthy young man. We endeavoured to make ourselves as happy as we could with our new Commander, but, as the Sailors say, he did not seem to suit our trim much. He seemed to have a

greater hankering after the ‘Loaves and Fishes’ than to administer consolation to the afflicted. Indeed there was one very capital difference, Lieut. Lock could have taken him under his arm.

Next morning the 12th of July, 1778 about five o’clock, Mr Manson and Mr Rowand rose to go on their embassy to Sir James Wallace, on board the ‘Experiment’, but lo! our topsails were unfurled, the anchor weighed and all things in readiness for sailing. What was our astonishment but we needed not to have been surprised as Hargood had his instructions from Reid. A boat came alongside with a letter from Mr Lock to Mr Allan containing directions for some other things to be sent which he left behind, and expressing his surprise at our Manouvres, but lamented that he could not assist us or prevent any mischief which he feared threatened us. Great as our disappointment was in our two Advocates not getting on board the ‘Experiment’, it did not make us despair. We all, I say *we* for Miss Thorney and I were always consulted, as we had shipped Indigo to some considerable amount in our own names, and were therefore *Capitally* concerned; as I said before, we determined on drawing up a Memorial, to Lord Howe. Mr Lock had assured us that his Lordship was very free of access. The Memorial was to set forth our manifold sufferings and persecutions, particularly that the Gentlemen had been banished under the late Act of the Carolina Council and Assembly, for not abjuring their King and Country for ever! Mr Henry, who had often used his skill in Penmanship in Charlestown, and with some success, undertook to draw up our Petition, Memorial, or whatever else you may please to call it—but as the clock has just struck seven, I must repair to the tea-table at which I have the honour to preside. I am as ever &c.,—

May 20th 1779

I believe I left our *junto* as busy and as eager for the event, as the Members of the late Court Martials in Portsmouth Harbour in the Cabin of the ‘Sandwich’ for the Trials of Admiral Keppell and Sir Hugh Palliser. Our papers being finished in a tolerable manner, giving his Lordship all the titles which this country had so lavishly bestowed on him, it was carefully deposited in a locker, till a convenient opportunity should offer to have it presented.

On Sunday morning we made some little way up to the Capital, but the tide being spent and the wind lulled, we were obliged to let go an Anchor, just off Gravesend on Long Island, where a number of Transports were riding. I believe it was called “Gravesend Bay”. Here we had time and opportunity for Contemplation, Meditation and Reflection! An English and French Fleet in full view of each other. The Jersey shore on the Hudson River on our left, and one of the most fertile and beautiful Islands in the World on our Right. The rising grounds on the latter charmed me beyond description. It was what I had never seen before, nor could I see it for seventy miles to the Northward of Charlestown, an hundred to the West, and to the Southward, not till we reach the mountains in the West Indies: I said “Surely sickness dwells not here! Agues wan nor Pleurisy fell disease”! however in this I was mistaken as you shall see hereafter.

Great must have been the consternation at New York, for we saw above an hundred boats, I believe, coming from thence to see the *White Sheet* flying, and thereby be convinced whether or not these ships, were *In-i-mi-cal*—General Clinton, too, was apprehensive of the Rebels coming down from Elizabeth Town, in the Jersies, to attack his Lines near the Light-House, therefore he sent down a large

reinforcement, which passed us in Boats. To see so many British Soldiers was really a treat to us, poor Exiles, whose only crime was their attachment to that favoured and glorious Isle!

When the Tide made we got another Pilot to carry us through the Narrows; a place which has made some figure in the annals of the present War. We did not get through till ten o'clock at night, therefore could not see the Fortifications, of which the Americans made so much boast, and of which the British were so apprehensive.

My sickness began now to be a little alarming insomuch that I could not go upon deck all Monday. Every one left me to see the Town. Even poor Bella came to my bedside intreating me to rise and see the Houses. I cared for nothing but to be out of pain, and I wished for solitude. In July 1775 you were here? We had no Doctor, nor scarcely any medicines. Old Mr Falconer prescribed in the evening. The Dose was too strong: it was an Emetic! From eleven o'clock at night till two in the morning did Miss Thorney and Mrs Henry sit by me, holding my trembling hands and applying restoratives to my nose. Surely I must not forget their kindness, particularly that of the latter, who made up her own bed for me, and when I was able to be moved, put me into it. Luckily our beds were in the same state-room. Towards morning I grew more composed, and sleep that bounteous Alleviator of human woe, gave rest and ease to my helpless, and I may truly say, shattered frame. The fatigues which I had undergone after the great fire had nearly cost me my life! Good God! Without Thy powerful aid, could I ever have been able to encounter and overcome so much trouble and distress? but that hand which lays the burthen also gives strength to support it. Great trials were and perhaps still are in store for me! You, who know what misfortunes and disappointments are, will feel for, and pity

her—(No I hate to be pitied) for I still enjoy the present moment, nor think my sufferings great, till they are past. I say *regard* her who *is* and *shall be* yours, &c.

London, May 21st 1779

Although there are many breaks and interruptions in ‘this history of a captive Maid’ yet you must confess there are not so many *hiatus’s* as in ‘Henry & Frances’ which you and I had the pleasure of reading together some three or four years ago,—but to my voyage:

On Monday the 13th of July we anchored off Staten Island, and with the Afternoon’s Tide we sailed from thence and were safely moored in the Harbour of New York, very near Red Hook.

As peace and quietness were absolutely necessary to my recovery, the prospect of getting a Physician and the hope of having those necessaries of which we stood so much in need, helped greatly to alleviate my pain and distress. About dusk of the evening Miss Thorney came down to my room and told me there was a Boat alongside enquiring for the vessel in which Miss Wells was, and that there were two gentlemen in her who seemed to be Officers in the Army. This, you may be sure raised my spirits. They soon came on board and were ushered into the Cabin. Guess how happy I was to find that one of them was Mr Robert McCulloch formerly Collector of the Customs at Charlestown? We were all happy to see him, and really, I must say, that he shewed a particular degree of attention to me, begged leave to come into my room, and expressed great concern for my illness and promised to send me a Physician next morning—however I also administered the ‘Cup of Consolation’ to him. The last house I was in at Charlestown was that of George Roupell Esq., the Collector. Mr McCulloch

was engaged to be married to his eldest daughter, Miss Annie Roupell. The other gentleman was a Captain Lichtenstein of Georgia. He came on board to see if Mr and Mrs Kincaid were with us. All the banished Loyalists were obliged to go into the Army, who had taken refuge in New York, in order to get a subsistence. In less than half an hour another Boat-full was at the ship's side. Alexander Irving Esq., Comptroller of the Customs at Georgetown. Captain Urquhart and Captain John Bernard both formerly in the Carolina Trade, with many others. What we wanted *most* they gave us *first* viz:—*News*. That the proposals offered by Great Britain, through the Commissioners, were rejected by Congress; that by the evacuation of Philadelphia, nearly thirty thousand people were added to York and Long Islands, and, that provisions were so excessively dear we should scarcely be able to live, without assistance from Government. As to Lodgings none were to be had. These were comforts not unlike Job's but like him, we had seen too much affliction to be cast down, or to suffer our fortitude to forsake us. They also told us of a Boat having arrived about an hour before us, from Charlestown, full to the *brim* with *Tories*. We recollect to have seen a Brig sailing up to the Town just ahead of us, and some of our Passengers said they believed she was the 'Eleonora' commonly known for some time in Charlestown as the *Tory Brig*. The Mob had once assembled with Pitch, Tar and other Combustibles, to burn her at the Wharf, but some person, more charitable, cut her moorings and turned her adrift. I recollect immediately that my picture was in the 'Eleonora'! She left Charlestown the same day with us, steering S. W. for St. Eustatius, and from thence the Passengers were to find their way to Jamaica. This was rather ominous, but you shall have my *Shadow*, and with that you must be satisfied until Providence shall bestow on you the *Original*.

That evening Mr Allan went on shore to give an account of the Prize to Admiral Gambier, who then Commanded the Port. He begged to know if he could bring anything which would relieve or please me. As we had no Port Wine nor fine Bread, I requested him to purchase some for me, putting Two Dollars into his hand. The grateful, honest creature would by no means consent to this, saying “he would never forget the good things he had in my Father’s House, when attending his Ship’s Master Captain Heywood of the ‘Martin’, stationed some years ago on the Carolina Coast. This comfortable refreshment, which Mr Allan soon brought me, contributed greatly to my returning strength, as I had taken no nourishment for four days. The hopes of being on *Terra Firma* prevented us all from sleeping much.—Adieu.

London, May 27th 1779.

In my last I believe I brought my account to the 14th of July, but, you must excuse me if I am not now so particular, owing to many interruptions, one of which is a cough, which I caught in December last, and which my Friends flattered me that I should lose in the Spring.

Early next morning our visitors sent us a Boat, almost laden with Currants, Cherries, Apples, fresh butter, and Milk. To me, who had never seen any of the two first, you may be sure they were very acceptable, although obliged to restrain myself. Never, till then, did I so truly relish a little acid. The sea voyage, bilge water, crowded ship, &c., were excuses for demolishing the baskets of Fruit, however, our feasting was soon put an end to, by Hargood, who came on board, with an Order from Admiral Gambier, and a party of Men, to carry every Male on board of the Prison Ship! This was altogether unexpected and soon cast a damper on

our short lived joy. My Uncle asked Hargoode "What was to become of the Women and children?" "To go on shore" returned he. "Where are they to Lodge?" "Shall they carry any Baggage with them"? "Only a change of Linen, and there are plenty of Tents on Long Island". Thus did this hateful Wretch, consider us poor unfortunate Creatures! The Gentlemen, then, solemnly declared, that they would not part from their Wives, Children and Property *but with their Lives!* Never did I see Rage, with every other distorting passion so pictured as in their Countenances! The married Women too, shrieking and wringing their hands! It was too much, and a scene too melancholy to be described with my pen. Miss Thorney and I still lay in bed as silent spectators, for luckily we had neither Husband nor Child to weep over. *Our* distresses were not yet too great to be borne. Hargoode finding his intended prisoners so obstinate, discontinued his threats, and began to treat them as children, by coaxing. "Pray go with Captain Brian (the Commander of the Prison Ship) Gentlemen, it will be for a few hours, just to comply with the Admiral's Orders". "Do" says Brian "Arrah! my dear *Sowls* and ye shall have my own Cabin if that will *plase ye*," and, in this I believe he was honest, for he said he thought we were ill used. Hargoode left us to get an Order signed by the Admiral himself, as the other was only given by the Secretary, James Dick—an ungracious—but for many particulars of this man's character and conduct I shall refer you to our Protest, which every one of the Claimants on the 'Providence' and her cargo took before a Notary Publick at New York. In the meantime Captain Bernard came on board. Seeing our distress, he even shed tears, and turned about, ordered his Boat alongside, steering directly for Whitehall-stairs. Colonel Innes, formerly Secretary to Lord William Campbell, when our Governor, lodged near that place. Mr McCulloch

acted as Secretary to him: to the lodgings of Mr McCulloch Bernard hastened with "Friendship's speed". He had just risen. They both flew to Colonel Innes, whom they found in bed. He did not need much time or preparation, for putting on his Dressing Gown & slippers, went directly to Hanover Square, where Admiral Gambier's Quarters were. This Gentleman was quite astonished and said he had that morning signed an Order for us to be put on board of the Prison ship, and, that his Secretary had signed *two*. At the Colonel's representation of our case he signed our Release, and sent off Messrs McCulloch and Bernard as light as Mercuries. As Hargood ascended one side of the ship with his Mandate, our Deliverers came with theirs on the other. Guilt and Disappointment both appeared in Hargood's face, each striving for the mastery! He went off in his Boat, and steered his course to Sandy-Hook to give his greedy Master an account of his fruitless Embassy; but I had almost forgotten one part of this Tragi-Comedy. Upon Captain Brian's bringing the Second order from the Admiral's Secretary Mr Dick, Mrs Henry and Miss Thorney dressed themselves, and in spite or defiance of Hargood's orders to the contrary, went on shore, enquired their way to the Admiral's quarters and arrived there just a few minutes after the two Gentlemen left the place. Admiral Gambier seeing two well dressed, genteel Women in distress, and so well able to describe *that* of others, gave them another order for the Release of the Prisoners, fearing our other friends might not make so much haste. My Uncle gave them a letter to your old friend Mr Rivington the Printer, requesting his assistance in getting us Lodgings; but, above all, to send me a Doctor. The Ladies soon returned with joy in their countenances, nor were they sorry that they were not the first Messengers, as we were all in high spirits to receive them.
—Adieu—More to-morrow. L. S. W.

London, May 28th 1779.

I am just returned from viewing the grand Exhibition at the Royal Academy in Pall Mall, consisting of Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture, but as I am so far behind in my Journal, I shall say very little at present, on these highly entertaining subjects.

The remainder of that *dolorous* day we passed off pretty well. Indeed the triumph we had gained over our Enemies was a compensation for our Morning's Sorrow. Here you may moralise, if you please, as I have *no time now*, but of *this* I had a plentiful share in my sick-room.

Next day, the 15th the Gentlemen dressed themselves in their best American Clothes, some *twice seven years old*, for such was my Uncle's Coat, being married in it fourteen years before. They went to the Court of Admiralty and heard the unfortunate 'Providence' and her cargo libelled. There they saw several friends and enquired for Lodgings. Rivington had written a fine flourishing letter, of which he is so capable, to my Uncle, expressing a deal of friendship, &c., but never performed the least thing, not so much as to call on me whilst I was in New York, notwithstanding the attention my Father always paid to *his* letters of Introduction by Gentlemen taking the Tour of America. My Uncle called at his shop and told him that I did not now need a Physician, Mr McCulloch having sent one the day before. The presence of this reverend son of æsculapius, and the release of my fellow Passengers, contributed not a little to my recovery, adding to them the wholesome diet and good medicines which the Doctor prescribed and which we were able to procure being in Port.

In the evening our Friends returned with some Company from the Town, from none of them could I learn anything of Mr William Lowther or Family, and on whose Friendship, alone, I had any dependence.

I was now able to go upon deck. Our vessel lay just off the King's Brew-House, on Long Island. We had here a fine view of Livingston's elegant House and Farm: the former converted into an Hospital for British Invalids whilst its Owner is Agent for Congress in Charlestown. Just behind the Brew-House and Hospital lies the Valley in which the famous Long Island Battle was fought of August 1776.

The East River here makes a bend and forms Culliers Hook. The Houses on each side of its banks. The Town of Brooklyn, York Island and the adjacent country forms a delightful Landscape.

New York, I must confess makes no figure from the water: nothing to equal the order and regularity of the once beautiful Bay Street of Charlestown! Every house for a mile, three stories high! You see there are few travellers who are not attached to their native place and are ever making comparisons with it.

Poor little Governors-Island is now a perfect waste and ruin. The Rebels had made it an *entire* Fortification, which the British have so completely demolished, as scarcely to leave "a wreck behind". You must recollect, however, that American Forts are not built of stone.

Staten-Island produces nothing now, having Encampments constantly on it; the Inhabitants have almost all deserted it. It has one Fort, from which Signals of vessels appearing, are made to the town. When you saw these places in 1775, they wore a very different aspect; but of all the sights, to me, the most extraordinary was the great concourse of Shipping! All the British Navy to the Northward of the West Indies, were assembled in this Port. By the number of Troops in this Province you may form some idea of the number of Transports there also, in Government Service.

After waiting for three days, I heard of Mr Lowther. He had been out in the country on business, and had just heard of my arrival, and sent our Charlestown acquaintance Mr Mickie, with his Respects, requesting I would make his house my home during my stay in New York. Sorry was I to part with Miss Thorney, as we had been so closely connected for above a year; but so crowded was Mr Lowther's house, and so large their family that I had only *one fourth* of an Apartment! yet this was not singular, for many houses in New York contain one hundred Inhabitants.

In the Afternoon of the 17th of July, I landed at the Fley Market Stairs, attended by Mr Allan, Mr Manson, Mr Henry and my Maid Bella. I could not help feeling myself a little awkward, as I walked through the streets, as my dress was so different from other Ladies, whom I met. The pavement hurt my feet, and the motion of the Ship was still in my head.

The first place we stopped was at the Store of our old friend William Donaldson, who sent immediately for Mr Mickie. There I met a Mr Spens who had lately seen my Father, Mother, and family. My spirits were so high, and I felt myself so happy, at being in a country, where I could hear so much about Great Britain, that I believe they thought me half-crazy. Mr Mickie soon arrived, and had ordered his servant to get a cart for my baggage, and away we trudged to No. 70 Cherry Street, St. George's Square. Mr and Mrs Lowther received me with as much tenderness and affection, as if I had been a returning Daughter, instead of an acquaintance whom none of the family had ever seen except Mr Lowther. I was introduced to their Daughter, Miss Margaret, a fine young lady about seventeen. Their son, Tristrim, whom you must recollect, and Miss Barbara, who said she did not remember anything of you. Mrs Clarke, Mrs Lowther's sister, and Mr Roome, cousin to Mr Low-

ther, composed this agreeable family. Surely my Letters are long enough. Adieu.

London, June 5th 1779.

No, I *cannot* write to-day! Anxiety, will sometimes overpower me, yet, I will strive against it. My thoughts are constantly engaged on *one* subject, nor can I obtain the least consolation from any person here. I sometimes think my ideas are deranged. Aid me by your counsel, to gain that Philosophy so essential to human happiness, of bearing with equal mind the ‘Whips and scourges of the Times we live in’. Farewell!

London, June 16th 1779.

Shall I wait, as the Quakers do, till the Spirit moves me? or set out at once, and persevere like a Christian? I do not call the Quietists Christians, as you know they partake of neither of the Sacraments—but—that point is settled. I am called on to repair to my work.

6 o'clock and still light.

I have cut the forefinger of my *left* hand, in preparing an old gown for the silk dyer. No *Pension* for *me*, although fifty pounds were added to the solitary hundred when my sister came home: however, I have recovered my spirits since the 5th and *these they cannot take* from me. My Father says I have cut my finger on purpose, as I used to do in Carolina, that I might not be obliged to sew; but I can still write; yet, I should not wish him to see the foregoing page. He would congratulate me on my retrograde improvements; it will vie with Champion's fine running hand. It is also strange that vexation should so easily shew itself.

My Mind is now at ease, that is to say " for this day I will be contented " to-morrow may shift for itself.

June 19th 1779.

I once more resume an account of my Travels. The day after my arrival at Cherry Street, Mr Spens, Captain McCulloch, Mr Rowand and Mr Irving invited Miss Lowther and me to take a walk, as the environs of this city afforded many very pleasant ones. The place we viewed was the King's Dock Yard, where an old Seventy-Gun Ship, the 'Leviathan' was fitting up, to assist in attacking the Comte D'Estaing, or in guarding Sandy Hook. I was astonished at the alacrity with which the business was carried on, and, with what cheerfulness, Seamen from private Ships, &c., entered as Volunteers. Blue Ribbon began to be scarce in New York. Everybody considered the Blockade of this Harbour such a daring insult, that I really believe one half of the Inhabitants wished themselves seamen that they might go down and chastise the French.

As we ascended the Hill from the King's Watering Place, I was rather fatigued, but, the delightful scenes which presented themselves to my view rewarded my pains. The first was a large Encampment of the Royal Artillery, with several British and Hessian Infantry, indeed, it occupied my whole attention. The regularity, neatness and order of our Country Soldiers charmed me: but, the *effluvia* which came from the Lee-side of the Hessian Camp was almost suffocating. All the Men smoke, and the Women too, added to the column of *Tobacco reek*. The Germans are now become almost as famous for their attachment to Music as the Italians. We observed several of the Men, who were not upon duty, lying on the banks of the East River singing most

melodiously in different parts. There were many groups and I discovered many Treble Voices exceedingly fine. Their Tenor and Bass were by no means despicable.

There are a great number of Redoubts both on the East and North Rivers : but through General Howe's kindness to the Rebels, they had sufficient time to dismantle them of their Guns.

In a Valley, a little above the Dock Yard, is a neat Brick House formerly the property of some of the Vans—but now, converted into a Hessian Hospital. Near it is their Burying Ground. We soon reckoned some thousands of Pounds out of the British Coffers, by valuing every grave at five pounds, sterling, the sum stipulated, for the loss of every Man by our *Cousin German Elector*.

Would you believe my Ignorance? As I came down the Hill I struck my foot against a stone. Good patience said I to Mr Irving, who could have put all these stones here? for I then perceived a great number rearing their heads above the grass. Mr Irving never forgot this story against me: but I had my revenge; for the same evening, in coming home, he pointed to the Jew's burying Ground, and asked Miss Lowther what Fort that was.

I did not remain long without forming some agreeable acquaintance—Loyalists, from all parts of America. Male and Female, visited at Mr Lowther's. I was introduced to a Mr Ingram of Virginia who was a School fellow of my Uncle Archibald Rowand. *He* was drowned on the first of January 1759 in coming over the Bar of Charlestown. He was an excellent Swimmer, but being heavy laden with cloaths he could not keep above water but half an hour. He had a bowl of punch at his head drinking a good land-full. From subsequent circumstances it was suspected the Captain of the Schooner in which he sailed pushed him off the Poop, when he was standing whitening a stick to walk the streets

that night with. His errand was to purchase his Wedding cloaths in order to be married to an amiable young Lady in Wilmington, North Carolina. There being no Watch-Maker in that Town my unfortunate Uncle was entrusted with many Watches to be repaired. Neither of which nor his money were found in his Chest. The Master of the Vessel said he had them all in his Pockets. He was just 22 years of age.

I had the pleasure of being intimate with a Mr and Miss Hunter who were in Bermuda when you were there. The latter said she saw you and your companions in Tribulation at the Governor's Ball. It is rather surprising that you and I should have fallen into the *Jaws* of the only *two* sharks in the Navy. Captain Fanshaw told me that there was only another besides Captain Reid who could have behaved so to Loyalists, and that was Captain Jordan of the 'Galatea' I find now that it was the latter who took you whilst cruizing off Bermuda.

In the course of a week my fellow Passengers were accommodated on Shore. I again enjoyed the Society of Miss Thorney. My Uncle and his son were very near me, but their Board and Lodging was One Guinea a day! Mine, with my servant would have been as much—think then the value of the hospitality I enjoyed. I found employment. My Uncle's *old* Stockings wanted constant repairs as well as my own, and we had little money to buy more. Adding to this a large chest of valuable Music with my best Apparel, being put into the Bread-room for convenience was claimed by Captain Reid as part of the Cargo! It was in vain to urge my distress for cloaths and want of money. Lieut. Lock said Reid suspected it to contain *Plate* and being under Hatches would be condemned.

I was obliged to draw a Bill of Exchange on my Father for necessary equipments in this Theatre of Fashion. Altho

I thought myself very moderate, Dress and my Passage home cost me One hundred Guineas.

It was now high time to lay in our claims on the ‘ Providence’ the twenty one days allowed, being nearly expired. Accompanied by many friends of both sexes, Miss Thorney and I set out for the Court of Admiralty in order to prove our property, or rather to swear to the truth of our Manifest, Bills of Lading, &c. and to sign a paper, which I think our Attorney at Law, called a Charges. We did not feel ourselves “so very bould”, as brother Jonathan says. The Judge Major Bayard, seeing our confusion gave us leave to withdraw. Mrs Lowther told me all the Gentlemen went up to the Table to look at my name. It surely was no matter of wonder to see a native of Charlestown write well, for there bad writing was seldom seen and good writing seldom praised! Nothing has excited my wonder more since I came to England than the labour, toil, and expense which is bestowed on the plainest Education. I am thankful I was born and bred on the Western shore of the Atlantic. I should have died under the horrors of a Boarding School. The Court is held in a room up two pairs of Stairs in the City Hall, and is the same in which General Lee was so long a Prisoner.

About ten days after I landed a dreadful fire broke out amongst the King’s Stores. Some of the Shipping were burnt and not less than one hundred and twenty Houses were consumed. To paint the consternation of the people at that time is now impossible. The French Fleet seizing everything which attempted to get into Port. Lord Howe blocked up with his Fleet. Washington in the Jersies, and another General, I believe Green, threatening to attack Kingsbridge, this was enough, but to have Incendiaries within the Town was too much, they were almost frantic; which together with the unaccountable behaviour of the

Soldiery at the fire for two or three days that I was bewildered—to think what it would end in. Every red coat thought he had a right to Command. Even at Mr Lowther's we were apprehensive, and I packed up my little all, fearing that at last we must follow Hargood's advice and “Dwell in Tents” One third of this populous City is now gone. The fire in 1776 consuming the best part of the Broad Way and those other fine streets at that end of the Town, with that beautiful old Church called Trinity are gone! This was the only Church in America built in the Gothic style. St. Paul's Church still remains—two reasons may be assigned for this, the first, not many houses being near it, the second, the Steeple not being yet built. This and St. George's Chapel, are the only places of Worship now open in New York, excepting a Scots Presbyterian Meeting House. You know their Loyalty all over the Continent. *Our* Pastor Elders and congregation were every one banished from Charlestown. It was then I attended the Church of England so closely that I gave great offence to the family of the Attorney General and many other pious Tories, who insisted that I went thither to pray for Congress—however that might be, I gained a perfect knowledge of the Liturgy and at this present attend Dr Fordyce's Chapel on Sunday mornings and St. Bride's Church in the Afternoon. I know that I must become a Lutheran in Jamaica, or else stay at home, a habit which, however, fashionable there, I hope never to acquire. The North Meeting-House of the Independents in New York is converted into an Hospital for the Army, and another, of the same sect, serves for a Riding-School. How would Cromwell “gnash his teeth” were he to see this? perhaps harder than he does at present. God forgive me? I have but *one* prejudice, and that is against those *New-England* Presbyterians. I look upon them as the cause of all our Misfortunes, and, yet, good *shall* come out of evil.

I look upon myself as greatly benefitted by my sufferings! 'Tis in the school of Affliction we must learn Wisdom. Surely I have been satisfied and still can, be satisfied with hard lodging, coarse Food and wretched cloathing: 'tis the whims and caprices of others tempers which are so hard to bear; this has made me always so afraid of Matrimony.

Mr and Mrs Tutnall of Georgia, but last from New Providence, were taken by D'Estaing's Fleet, and sent into Philadelphia. They were soon exchanged and sent to New York. From them I received many acts of kindness and hospitality. We now discovered that had we fallen into the hands of the French it would have been a fortunate circumstance. Having a regular clearance from a Port of their Allies we should have been permitted to proceed on our Voyage. Messrs Williams, Graham, Tunno and Tellfair arrived about this time in the Packet on their way to Charlestown and Savanna: they had letters for me from London which threw me into the horrors for a whole month.

London, June 20th 1779.

You see how determined I am to persevere. I will not let a day pass without adding something, however the task is not altogether so unpleasant as some indolent people might suppose, but to be sure it does require a little thought and some recollection. If you would (not) stigmatize me with the epithet of *female Pedant*, I should still write these sheets. "Utili dulce jucundum" pray send me a translation. I did not travel far for the explanation of your French. Our Cook maid was educated at a Boarding School and reads that Language very well; but I suppose you 'lived in hope' before I applied to her.

The excessive high price of Chaise hire prevented me

from taking many agreeable jaunts into the Country. I wanted much to see the Camp at Haerlaem and even the Lines at Kingsbridge, but the potent reason of poverty prevented us. Yet we had learned to walk and often enjoyed ourselves in that way. A party consisting of all our Passengers, with several other Loyalists, just as idle as ourselves was one day made to go to Greenwich, but, it being too far, we stopped at a famous Tea House and Gardens, on the Banks of the North River; the finest, perhaps in all America: but why detain you with descriptions of what you have already seen? In our way we visited the great Fort on Bunker's Hill, built by the Rebels. It commands the Town. What could have tempted Washington to desert this Post? nothing but British Valour, and his well known Policy of never risking an Engagement when he could make good his retreat. We gained admittance into the inside of this Fortification. I had no conception of such strength. The Cheveaux de Friz on the outside seem to defy assailants, however they were never put to the Trial. This Walk explained to us all the Paradox of "Labouring to enjoy rest" Our sleep was perfectly sound that night.

Another Excursion I made with Miss Lowther, Mr and Miss Hunter, was at five o'clock in the morning on the Banks of the East River. Here I saw all the flat-bottomed Boats belonging to the British for landing Troops. We breakfasted at a House of Entertainment opposite the Wullbaugh or Back, a small Harbour for shipping to ride in safety, particularly against the danger and risque of Fire, which so alarms the people of this Town. The spot on which the House stood was just at Curiel's Hook. I suppose you remember the eighteen hundred Connecticut Troops stationed there, which were sent to intimidate the Yorkers in 1775: The Encampment was pointed out to me, and with it a curious anecdote recurs to my memory. In 1776, when Lord

Howe's Fleet lay off Sandy Hook there arose a dreadful storm of Thunder, Lightening and Rain, such as I have before described—insomuch that “ brother Jonathan’s heart did quake ” but he did not fail to implore the vengeance of Heaven on his *Enemies*. The poor Britons struck their top masts, let go more Anchors and rode out the storm. Some ships put to sea and returned in safety! but, how different was the fate of the poor unenlightened Yankies, or rather uneducated—Some glimmering of the science of Electricity having beamed on them from their great Dr Franklin, they actually stuck the swords in on the tops of some of their tents, by way of Conductors, and went to rest, thinking themselves in perfect safety; when lo! the faithless steel brought more quick down Heaven’s wrath! Several officers were found dead in their beds. Nathan Childs, a native of New England, was there at the time and attended two of the Funerals ; and told this astonishing Tale to me in Charlestown after his return. He congratulated himself on coming to the Southward for his Education, and having “ lived amongst people of sense ” for such he certainly thought my Father and all of us.

As the year I am recording 1778—was a marvellous one to me, I shall record another accident which happened a few days after the fire and seemed to threaten destruction to this devoted Town.

We had several violent storms of Thunder, Lightening and Rain during the Summer, not such as to the Southward, which are over in an hour or two; these sometimes lasted from ten o’clock in the forenoon until Midnight. This, Mr Lowther ascribed to the course of the Rivers round York Island. One day as we were reconciling ourselves to the bad weather, we saw one or two flashes of Lightning, and instantaneously, there was a sudden Crash as if the universe had been dissolved. Every person in the room with me was

struck motionless. I was thrown from my chair to the floor, and my basket of work I had been doing, over me. I soon recovered and looked at my friends to see if any of them were killed, or rather, if any were alive to speak to me. They were employed in the same manner; but those who were strongest had immediate occasion to give their assistance. Mrs Lowther had fainted. I cast my eyes to the opposite side of the street, and saw Mrs Winslow's House, apparently struck, as all the glass windows were shattered, and many of the frames thrown in on the floor. A Negro cried out "Mrs Winslow is killed" I flew through the rain to assist poor Miss Winslow (this family were Loyalists from Boston) when, turning to my left hand, I saw a column of Smoke ascending behind Waltons large house, which reached the Clouds. I was almost suffocated and the cry of *Fire* from all quarters spread terror and dismay around me. I forgot Mrs Lowther, Mrs Winslow and almost everything in this World, till a Gentleman coming from a Wharf, informed us that a Vessel called the "Morning Star" containing 200 Barrels of Gunpowder had been struck by the Lightning and had blown up. I soon found Mrs Winslow at my Elbow. She had heard we were killed. The explosion was so great as to unroof most of the houses in the Town. At least that side towards the East. You know all the roofs in York have *two* sides, being *Dutch roof*, and covered with tiles or slates. The Glass in all the East windows in our House were shattered, excepting those in the room I slept in. I had always peremptorily insisted on throwing up every sash at which the rain did not come in. I had just gone down to the Parlour to comfort this kind family. I had also put every metal article out of my pockets. They have very few Electrical Rods here in comparison to those in Charlestown. Had half the people been Masons and Glaziers they would have found employment for a month. The Bed of the River was seen

and the Shipping much damaged. Happily there was but one Man on board of the vessel. The storm prevented the Master and crew from leaving the Wharf, as they were just ready to embark. Lord Carlisle was in the Ferry-boat coming from Brooklyn. He saw the Glass Cupola on his House demolished, and the windows sharing the fate of ours. He ran past me, and calling all his domesticks, he enquired if they had escaped without damage.

London, July 10th 1779.

My progress is so slow that I fear I shall never get to my journey's end.

In September 1778 I received a kind and pressing invitation from Colonel Archibald Hamilton and his Lady, to pass the remainder of the summer with them at their Farm, near Flushing on Long Island. A young Lady from Flushing, who visited Miss Lowther, and some others whom I knew were going in the Packet boat. Little did I then know I was to pass through Hell Gates, to visit my Friends. I had some objections to that dreadful place, but as Sir James Wallace had ventured a few weeks before in the 'Experiment' of 50 Guns, I thought a small Sloop might. This certainly is equal to the "Scylla and Charybdis" of Ulysses. On the right the Pot, so called, from its roaring and boiling like a Cauldron. On the left the Hogs-back, and only a narrow Channel between. The day before a Packet had been run on the latter; the Passengers got on the Rock and were soon got off by the next which passed, but the vessel was lost, I think.

In the evening we anchored in Flushing Bay as the tide did not suit for two hours later for us to get into the Creek to go on Shore. Our Passengers were fifty in number, of

various degrees and denominations, but chiefly Quakers. There was one of this Class, an old facetious Man from Albany. He entertained us highly with his wit and humour, together with some Almonds and Raisins he had brought for the Ladies. In return I gave him some account of our Carolina people, their manners, customs &c. He smiled when I told him of the violent acts which had passed against the ‘Non jurors’. He said “We far surpassed our Northern brethren, and so we ought, being children of the Sun”. This conversation, with a few songs from the Ladies beguiled the time very pleasantly.

About 9 o’clock we landed at the great Wharf. Mr Usk and his party escorted me to the extremity of the Village, and there I insisted on their taking leave, as I could with safety place myself under the protection of Oliver Thom the Boatman.

Never was I happier to see friends than this family of Mr Hamilton’s. They had been in Charlestown for a great part of the year 1771. Mr Hamilton was then a Captain in the 31st Regiment of Foot. Every act of kindness which we could shew strangers were most liberally bestowed on them both in sickness and in health, of the former they had by far the greater portion, and I was happy to find they were not unmindful of it. Mrs Hamilton is Grand Daughter to the good old Cadwallader Colden, so long Lieutenant Governor of New York. When he persuaded the last Colonial Assembly (They were called Provincial Assemblies) to pass some Act favourable to the British Government, his answer, was a repetition of the Hymn Nunc dimitis, a bystander cried out “Well done old Silver Locks”.

The next morning I was indulged with a Novel, though pleasing sight. The Regiments which had been on the Expedition to Martha’s-vineyard &c., had landed at White Stone, which place is a few miles below Flushing, and were

all marching by the Farm along the high road. The Colonel, my Host, went out to see if he could recognise any old acquaintance amongst the Officers. He soon sent in Col. Stirling of the 71st or "Old Highland Watch" I turned my attention to the window and saw several of the Subalterns pulling the Peaches from the Hedge, and some of them had mounted the Orchard Wall. Col. Stirling immediately ordered a safe-guard for the Farm, which was not unnecessary as the Soldiers begin to be fond of what they have been so long used to, namely Plunder? Col. Hamilton seeing the Gentlemen so fond of Peaches asked them to walk into the Farm House. (It had literally been a Dutch Farmer's House, although now furnished like a Gentleman's) He ordered in abundance of Fruit of all sorts then in season. Col. Stirling started when he saw the first Officer enter, and smiling said—"Your Lordship, I assume you, was the occasion of my ordering the Safe-Guard, for I believe it was you who first mounted the Wall". He introduced him to us as "Marquis of Lindsey". He really *looked* like a Nobleman more so than any I had seen in New York, excepting Lord Cornwallis. In a few months after, or days I should rather say this engaging youth succeeded to the Honours, Estates and Titles, of his late Father, the Duke of Ancaster. He, *yesterday*, July 9th 1779 resigned them to his Uncle, Lord Robert Bertie. The young Duke died of a Putrid Fever, occasioned by drinking Brandy and Champagne to a violent degree.

The Military Travellers soon left us, and Colonel Hamilton, his Brother-in-law Maj. Antill (John Antill, Brother-in-law to Mrs Hamilton whose sister he married) and several others, set out on a scouring party with Governor Tryon to the Last End of Long Island, but I must break off. I am going to Church, where I shall remember all who do not pray for themselves. Adieu.

London, July 11th 1779.

In my last I despatched General Tryon with his Aid du Camps and 1500 of the Queen's County Militia, of whom Hamilton was Commandant to cram down the Oath of Allegiance in the Rebellious Counties to the Eastward. I was rather surprised to see several packs of Hunting Dogs, in the Retinue, but I was informed that after the business was done of making King's Men of Rebels, they intended to have some Hunting-matches on Hampstead and Bushy-Plains.

I spent my time very agreeably at 'Innerwick' this was the name of the Farm, so called from Mr Hamilton's Father's Estate in Scotland. I visited several of the Neighbours particularly the family of "Ustick" to whom Miss Lowther had introduced me. Their House stands on the top of a beautiful rising ground, commanding the town of Flushing, the Bay and opposite shore. My Curiosity led me to go up to the Look-out on the roof of the House; of this convenience, or place of amusement, you know how fond all the Yorkers are, as they never think a House finished without a Look-out—from hence I had a distant view of Kingsbridge, Hell gates and all the adjacent country. Flushing, for an American village is by no means despicable. It has a pretty little Episcopal Church and a Quakers' Meeting House. A few Gentlemen's Houses help to beautify it a little, particularly one of a Mr Cromlyne, built in the Carolina taste, with Piazzas and Balconies. This place is famous for having in its vicinage a Nursery of Fruit Trees, of almost every Climate; besides a pleasant Garden and Tea House for Strangers, kept by a Mr Prince.

In my walks to Mr Dupuytrens, Mr Cornell's and others whom I visited I was struck with many rural and country scenes of which a Native of the Swamps of Carolina can have no conception. I had often read of such things, but

never had them realized before. The *Stone Fences* too—quite different from our *Pitch Pine Rails*! To see the Wheat springing up in September, and, that it was to be covered with snow in the Winter! This was a phenomenon to me who had known Oats, sown in April, and ripen in June. This was at John's Island—at Busby Estate.—Dr Carson's and my Uncle Rowand has planted his Rice as late as July and turned his Cattle into the Fields to glean after Harvest in the month of October:— 'tis from this circumstance that our finest Butter is made, just before Christmas, and, from thence called 'Rice-field Butter'. I think the Poetical Epistle written by my Father, and addressed to my Mother in 1773—gives the best Idea of the Sylvan Scenes of *my country*, I ever met with.

London, July 18th 1779.

I at last began to be impatient at not hearing from York since Lieut. Lock brought me a letter from Miss Lowther. I expected our Admiralty Cause was come on—in short—I was anxious to see an end of my peregrinations in America. Ruminating one Morning at a Window which afforded a view of a pleasant Meadow, a distant Hill, and the King's high road I thought I saw a Gentleman driving a Whiskey, whom I conjectured to be Mr Hunter. I was not deceived, for he soon made his appearance. I recollect that he had mentioned long before that he intended to make a visit to Innerwick. I introduced him to Mrs Hamilton as an acquaintance of the Colonel's, who was then in the Fields. I asked Mr Hunter when he thought the Embargo would be taken off and when he intended to sail for Great Britain with his sister? To the first he said, "All ships bound to Europe were at liberty to sail from that day, for which purpose Sir Henry Clinton had issued a Proclamation. Several Ships

had fallen down to the Hook, in consequence; and, that he had taken his, and his sister's Passages in a Vessel bound to Glasgow, and in three days would go on board." He then gave me a letter from my Uncle, desiring my immediate presence in Town as Judge Bayard had determined no more delays should be admitted in our suit, for, on Monday it was to be brought into Court. Guess then how happy I thought myself? Mr Hunter proposed borrowing a riding horse from Col. Hamilton and that I should take the Carriage and set out for New York in the afternoon. The urgency of the case made it necessary, and my friends consented; first making me promise if I should be detained in that Province, for the Winter, to make their house my home. My baggage was soon got ready, and my Squire and I set out after dinner, accompanied by a Surgeon in the Army who had been visiting a young Officer in his Regiment, Mrs Hamilton's brother. I here learned to *Nurse*. This poor young Man had a Fever *twenty seven days*. The family were worn out. I never watched in my life before,—but I gave great satisfaction. It was here I first saw the precautions necessary to prevent infection, by ventilating the sick-room and not swallowing the spittle whilst near the Patient.

Our *Route* was through *Jamaica Township*. You have seen it therefore will not detain you with a description, I having only an *en-passant* idea of it at present, but I think it makes a better appearance than most small, thorough-fare towns in England. My attention was taken up with several groups of French Naval Officers who had been taken by Lord Howe's Cruisers. I could not help observing to my Companions that they would certainly carry home some of the *Mania* of Liberty to their own Country.—Jamaica has but one street in it and that exceedingly broad and tolerably well built. As it soon grew dark, I had it not in my power to make any observations on the Country, especially as I had

the charge of my own Neck, being obliged to drive my Whiskey; and, that too, over Rocky Roads which I never before had seen! Not like the road to the John's Island Meeting-House, which Dr Carson used to say John Holmes might play Marbles on. It was three Miles long. John was so proud to be made a Commissioner of the Roads that he was determined to fulfil the Office well. On the summit of a Hill, my Friends made me stop, and pointed to the Great Atlantic, on which the mild but resplendent rays of a full moon were shining. In the vale below I discovered an Encampment, near a beautiful Grove; and, on the other side of the Hill, next the sea, was one continued scene of the domains of Ceres!

To make our Journey a little more romantick, as we passed through a Wood, Mr Hunter hummed a tune, but recollecting that I sometimes sung, he insisted on my trying the new Song which I had so often attempted, but without success, owing to the lowness of the Ceilings in New York: the Echo of a Forest would certainly satisfy me, accordingly I began "Shepherds I have *lost* my love" and went through it with great applause, at least of my fellow Travellers; the Trees and Shrubs, I believe the Screech Owl too, might have added to the Audience. I have never sung it so well since.

The Doctor left us at Bedford, a small village on the road to Brooklyn. Glad was I when I entered the environs of this last place. It looks well from the opposite shore:— It is 17 miles from Flushing, and has made no inconsiderable figure in the Campaign of 1776.

The Bells of the Men of War in the River rung for eight o'clock as we entered the Ferry-Boat. I found many of my friends assembled in Mr Lowther's Parlour. My Uncle congratulated me on growing *fat* with the Country air and good living I had enjoyed at Flushing.

You see my *Pen* is almost worn out, and I assure you my *Eyes* are with so much scribbling; but should these sheets afford you *any* amusement I shall think both my time and labour well bestowed. Adieu.

London, July 20th 1779.

I began next day to make speedy preparations for my Voyage to this Country. Lieut. Lock's friendship still followed us. We had heard that many Loyalists had applied to Government for Passages in the Transports—but he cautioned us against them as those were so leaky, and had been so long in service they could not possibly stand the bad weather we might expect to meet on the coasts of Ireland and England. We determined to embark in a Merchant Vessel—however I must be accused of Ingratitude, were I to omit relating the very polite and generous behaviour of Major Bayard, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty at New York. The Attorney General opened the suit on behalf of James Reid Esq., his Officers and Crew. The next Court day our Counsel were to deliver our Claim and make our Defence. The Judge said he was already acquainted with every circumstance which could be urged, on our part, and was fully convinced by the Characters of the Witnesses, who had been examined, that what we at *first* advanced was *Truth*. He was also sorry to find that so many undue methods had been used to keep back Justice, and concluded with passing sentence in the following words: “It is the decree “of this Court that the ship ‘Providence’ with her appur-“tenances, Cargo &c., be restored to their Original Own-“ers:—but must order that each party do pay their own “Costs”. and concluded with wishing that it could be other- wise.—but that there was some pretence for the ‘Rose’

bringing us into New York, as we came from a Rebel Port. He also added that "he was happy in having it in his power that day "to restore honest Men their Property". (His Worship forgot Miss Thorney and your Humble Servant. I suppose he thought we should not be pleased at being called honest Women and therefore I forgive him, for we got our poor little Fortune, of two or three casks of Indigo, which was much lessened in value by our Law expenses &c., &c.)

At 12 o'clock this news was brought us, and before three, our Passages were taken on board the "Mary & Charlotte", Captain John Bernard of whom I have before made honourable mention. In three days I was ready to go on board, but from delays, always attending Fleets, did not leave Town until a fortnight after: however our hurry prevented me a jaunt to Kingsbridge, planned by Mr Tutnall, though the fault was more on their side, being in still a greater hurry than we were, as they had the pleasure of tumbling about, in the 'Rum Adventure' Transport at Sandy Hook, getting sea-sick, before hand, whilst I was frolicking about in Town amongst the many cheerful young Friends and acquaintance I had made.

If you remember I once expressed a desire of living in New York? I am now totally off that Scheme, for I would rather go to—to—to the scorching Torrid Zone. I do not like the place nor its climate. What it *was* I know not, but what it *is* gave me a surfeit of every thing on the Continent of America to the Northward of Charlestown. Various reasons may be assigned for this opinion of mine—perhaps spleen, vapours, pride &c., &c., no matter what—to escape being satirical I shall refer this, with many other particulars 'till we meet, either in these Northern Regions, or in that clime where frost, snow or Boreas' chill-blasts never enter. What a rhapsody for the 20th of July, say you? how could I tantalize you? I am sitting in a room where the Sun has

shone the whole afternoon, and where he still sheds some feeble rays; and all the Windows are shut, whilst *you* are, perhaps, panting for breath.

On Saturday morning (my Birth Day) October 17th 1778 my uncle, (Robert Rowand) his son, Charles Elliot, and I took boat at the Albany Pier, to go on board our Ship, which then lay in the North River, off the Battery. At twelve o'clock we weighed anchor, and bore away for the Narrows; and under no small apprehension of not getting Down in time, as the Fleet had sailing Orders. Next morning, by daylight, we espied the ships getting under way, to the joy of every one on board, as we had all considered New York as our Prison for the ensuing Winter. I have since heard that it was so severe that heavy Artillery and Ammunition Waggons were transported to Jersey on the Ice of the North River. The Wind changing, we had time to drop Anchor in the midst of the Fleet at the Hook, about Noon. As to myself, I kept my Birth day sorrowfully enough—viz:—"in settling my accounts at the ship's side". Sea sickness is a great drawback to travelling by water.

July 30th 1779.

You see how inconstant and fickle I am!—Ten days ago I thought I never should want inducement or leisure to write to you, at least an hour every day,—but, I have been sick, indeed very ill;—but as I can only blame myself I had no right to complain. Duty brought me here. I always found myself worse after any sedentary employment. I therefore seriously have set a resolution to re-establish my health, without which every pleasure palls. Many pronounce me in a deep decline. *You* would not know me! Yet may I hope these tedious years have not been spent in vain! Surely not. I can now hear the *iron hand* of Poverty, the

proud man's contumely, the Whips and Scourges of the times, &c., but, where was I in my Journal?

Commodore Brown hoisted his Flag on board of the "Leviathan" and made the signal for all Masters to come on board for their Instructions. At five o'clock p. m. of the 19th October we weighed Anchor, and I once more bid adieu to the hostile shores of America. Our Fleet consisted of nearly an hundred sail. Admiral Byron's Squadron of Seventeen Sail of the Line, with some Frigates, waited without the Bar to Convoy us safely off the Nantucket Shoals. Never did I see such a Grand Sight! Such a number of ships under Sail; and, what an amazing fine Harbour, is that of the Hook? We had not above *ten* Pilots in the Fleet.

In the cabin our Company consisted of several of my old fellow Passengers:—to whom were added a Mr Morley of Charlestown, who had formerly been a Coachman to John Wilks, and Mrs Morley, who held the honourable station of *Cook* to that great Patriot, also the Sexton of *our* Scots Congregation: not forgetting Bella, my faithful attendant and fellow sufferer. The sea had a worse effect on her than on me. I promised myself very little pleasure or improvement in the conversation of my fellow travellers, nor was I disappointed. I wanted Miss Thorney. She was to follow us in the 'Sally Cooper' with Mr and Mrs Henry, but were not ready, and did not overtake the Fleet for three days.

The first week of our Voyage we were becalmed, and the second, baffled by contrary Winds. The third, we were obliged, frequently, to ly to, for twelve hours on a stretch for the dull Sailers, to come up, and others, who through obstinacy, or carelessness, had ran foul of each other in the night. In the first gale of wind we met with, we lost sight of the 'Adventure', Armed Ship, our Van-guard and ten other Sails. At length we gained the Banks of Newfoundland. The Sea-gulls and Penguins were pleasing sights to

us. We then reckoned between Sixty and Seventy Sail of Ships, and other Vessels. Here we waited almost two days, getting Soundings, bringing up the Fleet, and catching Cod Fish. Having so much Company, it did not seem as if we were at Sea, where the wide expanse of Sky and Water soon tires. Every day, excepting when we had a Storm, we spoke to some of our Friends. We once came so near in calm Weather, as to hold conversations without the speaking Trumpet, and the time when (the 'Echo' a ship in which were some frolicksome persons) they began pelting us with Turnips, which we returned with Apples. (Frolicking is an universal phrase throughout America, Bahamas, and Bermuda — in the West Indies.)

After we left the Banks we had very Stormy Weather insomuch that, for three days together, we were obliged to keep our Dead Lights in, and burn Candles, night and day below. From this time we never had a Chair in the Cabin. They were lashed to the Stern of the Ship, by my Uncle's orders. The Deck of the Cabin was very wet from shipping very heavy seas, which made their way, down the Stairs, notwithstanding all our care. I could no longer keep above, and once, on entering the Cabin, the Vessel gave a heel to the Starboard Side, which set me running to leeward. My Uncle who was in his bed, started up, with such agony in his countenance, that I shall never forget it. The Chairs were pushed under the beds with their feet outwards. He, nor I, expected nothing less than that, one of the feet would strike against the pit of my stomach! providentially my whole body went against the bars, and there was I transfixed with Terror! All the Passengers assisted in throwing the chairs upon Deck, and we sat on Trunks during the rest of the passage.

How do you think I made shift to pass my time? I can assure you I was obliged to exert all my Philosophy; which,

together with the Guitar, made ‘the heavy Hours’ supportable. I have already told you that we had no conversation and I detested cards. Frequently, for two or three days together, I have been obliged to keep my Stateroom, merely for fear of having my bones broken. I was unable to sit up, without being lashed to the bed or trunk on which I sat. I kept the deck until the waves would come dashing over the Quarters.

During my solitary hours, I often indulged in the pleasing reveries of “future times”—the happiness I should enjoy the *next* time I went to sea. A thousand reflections would crowd into my mind. The scenes of persecution, fatigue and trouble I had left in Carolina. The various accidents, *mock Sieges*, Skirmishes and battles which, I had been almost a spectator of at New York. The pleasing prospect I had of being, at the end of this Voyage, in a land of peace, liberty and plenty, used frequently to make the leaden foot of Time fly with Mercury’s Wings. To paint the first would take up too much of my precious time and paper, and my pen must have the veracity of *that* of an Evangelist before e'er I should be credited. Few people (on the Continent of America) who have cherished a spark of Loyalty in their breasts, but can bear ample testimony to these truths.

As to the political state of affairs, whilst I resided at the Head Quarters of the British Army, you must be well informed of, and I have already said enough. Only this much I will add, that, sorry was every true friend to Britain to see so valuable a Fleet and Army lie almost *totally* inactive.

Provisions were in great plenty in New York, although excessively dear. All kinds of Meat at 7d sterling, per pound. Fish—none—as the French kept possession of the *fishing grounds*. Fresh Butter 14d sterling per pound.

When Lord Howe, *at last*, undertook to go after Monsier D'Estaing, with the assistance of a few stragglers from

Byron's Fleet, to see what was going on at Rhode Island, our hopes were at the highest pitch, but the gale of Wind which dismasted the 'Apollo' stunk then again to the lowest ebb! Again his Lordship assayed, and three or four Frigates of the British, were burnt, and sunk, at Newport, for no purpose whatever, but hold, you will say; how dare I judge! What *secret Orders* might be sent out? America is *decreed* to have her Independence, and our Admirals and Generals are not to retard it if possible—There was a fine view of the siege of Rhode Island at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

I had the pleasure of seeing the 'Isis' Man of War sail up the Harbour of New York, with all her sails shot through, like a Cullendar, and her Masts all splintered, in an engagement, with a French *Seventy four Gun Ship*, thereby proving what British valour is, when put to the test. (The 'Isis' came through Hell Gates after the Engagement) The 'Raleigh' too, an American Frigate, I saw brought into Port in triumph by the 'Experiment,' Commander Sir Jas. Wallace. The 'Unicorn' Captain Ford had engaged her, and was almost sinking, when the gallant and brave Knight, hearing his favourite Musick, viz:—the report of Cannon, crowded sail, hove in sight and ran in between the contending parties, gave the 'Unicorn' time to repair her damages, and made the thirteen stripes strike to the Union.

Need I tell how many great Men I saw daily in that Warlike City? Lord Carlisle, Governor Johnston, Mr Eden, Sir William Erskine, Lord Cornwallis, Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Cathcart, Lord Rawdon, Lord Balcarras, Lord Drummond and Sir James Baird. This last mentioned walked through the Streets with his Bayonet hanging at his back, stained with the blood of Lady Washington's Life Guards, whom his party beset, and killed in a house in the Jerseys.

Farewell.

London, August 15th 1779.

After so long a cessation from this Labour I scarcely know how to recommence it:— How I have been engaged my Letters by the Packets, and other Opportunities, will inform you; but the sole end in view, when I set out the different excursions I have been engaged in was to reestablish my health.

When I broke off, a deep impression was on my mind of the only conversation I recollect, worth recording, during my voyage. I shall never forget it. As every one who knew me, also knew that I had a retentive memory, one day Jn. Mills, the Sexton, whom I mentioned as one of our Passengers, asked me if I recollect a young Gentleman who died some years ago in Charlestown, of the name of Woodrop? I told him “perfectly” and also that my Father was a Mourner at his Funeral, that he died at night, and was buried at eleven o’clock the next forenoon. On my Father’s taking off his hat-band, he expressed great uneasiness, and said the body did *not* appear like a dead Corpse, there seemed to be a *bloom* on the Countenance! that he had mentioned this to Mr Andrew Robertson, Woodrop’s uncle; but he declared he was actually dead. On asking him why the Funeral was so hurried, and not put off till the evening, as others in general were, he said “Mrs Robertson could not bear the Corpse in the house as she had so many young Children” Mills then asked me if I recollect nothing else. I told him I did—About two years after, a report prevailed, that Mr Woodrop was buried alive, but, on endeavouring to gratify my Curiosity I never could get any information to be depended on, and I, as well as many others, had given up all further enquiries. Mr Mills then said in the presence of my uncle, Mr John Wyat, and others who were listening to our discourse. “I am now released from the solemn prom-

"ise I made Mr and Mrs Robertson, of refusing all information on that melancholy subject, to any person who should apply to me in Carolina. The dead could not now be raised ". He continued "As my predecessor Mr Pratt was very old and infirm, I assisted him in digging graves often, but was not long enough with him to be thoroughly acquainted with the situation of the Burying Ground, and could not tell, without much probing and searching, what Graves were ripe, for other interments. The funeral of another person being ordered at an early hour, he was obliged to dig the Grave at night. He had two black boys with him. The spade, in shaping the Grave, broke a piece off the side of a coffin. Mills said he then descended into the hole, and saw the backbone of a human Skeleton. This unusual posture for a dead person, surprised him not a little; so that, with the assistance of his boys, he opened the grave, uncovered the lid of the coffin, and found the deceased lying on its side, with the cheek bone in the palm of the hand! On the breast plate was painted George Woodrop, died 1770 aged 22 or 23 years I forget which." To this horrid tale, that seemed to harrow up our whole nervous system I added, "that my Father visited the unfortunate Youth, in his illness, at the request of Mr Robertson, to endeavour to rouse his Spirits: the fever being pronounced nervous. He said to us when he returned, that the Doctors say that little or nothing is the matter with him " it is all on the mind. Every error of youth, every transgression seems to sink him down, particularly his attachment to that infamous Woman, S—— R——" This creature, lived many years, publickly, with Mr J—— S—— the Merchant, and he afterwards married her. His brother Robert disowned him. Before my Father left Charlestown he obliged us to drop an acquaintance, at whose house Mrs S—— visited. I again met her at Mrs Benfield's. She ac-

costed me with great familiarity, she being the sister of the woman with whom I had learned my Alphabet. After some conversation, she took out her Watch. "Do you know that Miss Wells?" "No Madam, I do not" returned I. "Then "you perfectly knew its first owner. It was given me by "George Woodrop, a few days before he fell sick, of which "illness he died." This shameless Woman never discovered any emotion, or the least change of countenance. She was still beautiful. I have been rather diffuse in this most remarkable story. Here the Proverbs of Solomon are truly verified. I need not say that I never resorted again to Mrs Benfield's house. The unceasing entreaties of Mrs S—— to visit her quite shocked me.

London, August 16th 1779.

About the 17th of November the 'Leviathan' made a signal for the Fleet to leave to. The ships bound to St. George's Channel were to separate from us. It was night before this business was completed, as many Invalids, intending to go to Chelsea Hospital were on board the Cork Transports. We also took leave of my Friends, Mr and Miss Hunter. As we approached the British Channel we began to quake, for fear of being taken by French or American Privateers: our Convoy was not able to defend us, and so badly manned, that had it not been for the Captains and Officers of the Frigates destroyed at Rhode Island, who were Passengers, they never would have got their sails reefed in a gale of wind, before the Masts had been carried away.

About the 20th we struck for soundings, and to our great joy, brought up some English sand. The weather was fine, and every thing bid fair for a good Land-Fall.

In the Chops of the Channel we espied a Vessel, like an

English Frigate, with the British Flag, coming down as if just out of Port. She kept to leeward, but with great boldness, as if she knew who and what we were. Our Commodore ordered her to come under his Stern. He then sent a snow to speak her. They both lay to for a considerable time. The Commodore hoisted his topsails and bore down upon them. No sooner did our unknown friend espy him, than he crowded every inch of Canvass in his power, as fast as possible and escaped. How eager were all the Ships to crowd around the Convoy that night, and all the rest of that Voyage, 'till that dreadful Channel-storm separated us; some, alas for ever!

On the 21st we could see only ten Ships, besides the Commodore, being enveloped in a thick fog, and driving with the Current in a smart gale of wind. No observation could be taken; we guessed where we were. Next morning the wind was higher, and the current stronger, as we approached the shore. We could only carry our Courses, and our Captain said we went at the rate of nine knots. About 10 o'clock a.m. we saw the Man of War shifting his sails, as if going to *wear*. Our Mate went aloft to look out for land. He soon came down, saying "We must be within a League of it" as he saw the Sea breaking over the Rocks, as high as a Steeple". We were steering directly in upon it! "About Ship ho!" was the universal cry:—but as the Bells of St. Brides' Church are just finishing their Chimes, I must defer the conclusion of this matter till a more convenient season. Adieu.

London, Sunday Evening.

I left our Fleet enveloped in a fog, and getting out to sea as fast as possible. Due West was our course all that day. Whenever we were within hail of any of our com-

panions in distress, we asked their opinion concerning the land we had made: but how various were their conjectures. Some of them thought it Ushant, others Guernsey, the majority of the Masters in the Fleet concluded it to be one of the Islands of Scilly, which was the case as we afterwards found. Our want of Opportunities to make our Observations occasioned this uncertainty. We beat about, day and night, at the Chops of the Channel until the 25th at noon, when we, once more, saw the cheerful light of the sun. The quadrants were all in readiness and we blessed the memory of the Inventors of those valuable Instruments. We again saw Scilly and then bore away for the Channel.

During the tedious period of eight foggy days, what were my reflections! They almost bordered on impiety. Oftentimes did I think myself tantalized, by being permitted to accomplish that wish, which I had, for so many years indulged, namely of coming to England: but that the door was now shut against me! No wonder, said I, to the Captain one day, that I was in my despondency, "that English people begin to hang and drown themselves in the gloomy month of November" One day more and I should have been tempted to jump out of the cabin window.

A dreadful storm was brooding, and our Commodore knowing that the 'Leviathan' could stand no more bad weather, crowded sail, and hasted for Plymouth, leaving us, with six other sail, to the care of Providence—five of these were wrecked that night and the following day!

In the afternoon we saw the lofty Coast of Cornwall, happy sight to us, poor fugitives and Exiles. We soon made the two Lights of the Lizard, and before bed time passed the Eddy Stone and other Lights. On the 26th the wind rose higher. The Iron bound Coast of England, our Lee shore; and with all our skill could not keep three miles to windward of it: but I came upon deck. My heart leaped when

I saw a little Fishing Town near Dongeness. Here were a great number of Dutch Ships riding. The Avarice of these people make them thus expose their Lives and Property, and they will not go into a safer Port, for the expense of paying the Lights, which they must necessarily pass. We saw several Dutch Wrecks lying near this place, which were as safe as their neighbours but a week before.

We drove up the Channel at an amazing rate under close reefed courses. My uncle wished to have landed at Portsmouth, but it was impossible to accomplish it. Whilst on deck I saw the Race of Portland. The prospect we had of soon being in the Downs cheering our drooping spirits, for the Dead Lights were generally in and our candles used to appear like the faint glimmering of sparks in a cavern, as I came from above.

As I had not had a sound sleep for many nights; about 12 o'clock I resigned my wearied mind and body to calm repose. Happy me! Little did I know our danger! At one o'clock the Captain and all hands were called to turn out: None were able to steer the Ship but Bernard, and he was lashed to the Tiller, otherwise he would have been washed overboard, as the Waves were continually breaking over the Quarter. A thick fog arose to "cheer the hopes" or rather to depress the spirits of the desponding Mariners. I did not awake until nine o'clock next morning, and asked, as usual, for my breakfast, which was generally brought to my bedside. A sullen silence prevailed in the Cabin. At length Mrs Weir answered me from her State room that "as I never had been afraid before, it was now high time" Charles awakened upon this, and asked me "why I had not called "him before to get his breakfast" so true is the observation that 'those who know no danger, fear none'". A dreadful noise above, occasioned by the hauling of ropes with the attendant *Chant*; the whistling of the Wind, the dashing of

the waves against the sides of the Ship, all convinced me that every thing was not as it should be; and the only assistance which I could give, must be negatively, viz: to ly still and say nothing! No sooner had I formed this resolution, that I heard the Captain call out, " Try the Pumps " O! thought I, 'tis all over now, as I had never heard any Pumping during the voyage before. I comforted myself with this reflection, that I could never die with more indifference to the world than at that time, or even now.

August 20th 1779.

In about two hours every thing underwent a total transformation. The Wind changed, which cleared away the fog and discovered Beachy Head, only one league to leeward! Happily for us, we did not know we were so near the shore. Had the Storm or Fog continued half an hour longer, we should have been wrecked on this dreadful Rock! We soon found the way to the Deck, and we were glad to find our Caboose was not carried away by the Seas we had shipped. *Fifty-six hours* had elapsed since a fire had been lighted, and a dish of Lob-scouse, made of stale meat and fowl, with some sliced potatoes, required no sauce but hunger to make it relish.

Miss Thorney recurred to my thoughts, I expressed my happiness and satisfaction that she did not share our danger; when the Captain told me that he had seen the ' Sally Cooper ' that morning under bare poles, that Vessel being too crank, to carry Sail in a gale of wind.

We soon made Dover, and, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of November anchored in the Downs.

We were all drest to go on shore, intending to be in London as soon as possible to save our Insurance, but the

wind still continued too high for any of the Deal boats to come off to us. The next morning, by five o'clock there was one alongside. In stepping into it I had almost rested my bones on the Goodwin Sands! The sea was still high, the ship rolled, and had not Captain Bernard caught hold of me, I should have fallen into the Sea. This threw me into such a Tremor, as to make me confess I was really afraid.

Tho' we were but a League from the shore, we were obliged to make a circuit of five miles;—the last three, we sailed close-in-shore. Upon the beach stands a Castle called Sundsdown—the Country retreat of some Naval Commander.

The town of Deal looks tolerably well from the water. Some of the Houses are so near as to be washed by the surf.

It is really curious to get on shore here. Every boat has its own landing place and the Boatmen never encroach on that of their neighbours, excepting in cases of great emergency. As soon as the Partners on shore espy the little Frigate, they get the Windlass and poles ready—not less than three men go in the Boat, as they are often driven by stress of weather on the coast of France, and go oftener, I believe to smuggle Brandy. They have with them a large rope which I mistook for a cable, this they throw upon the Beach. It is immediately caught up and put into the Windlass, and they turn it round so that we were actually wound ashore, in the same manner as an Anchor is heaved. In this business the people are obliged to be very expeditious, as the dashing of the surge is so great and the waves come so fast, that the boat is in imminent danger of being overwhelmed, but should the rope break! We got a sample. Our backs were well sprinkled with one wave breaking on the stern of the boat: but o! how shall I describe what I felt, when I first set my foot on British ground? I could have kissed the gravel on the salt Beach! It was my home: the Country

which I had so long and so earnestly wished to see. The Isle of Liberty and Peace.

So great was the concourse of Passengers from our Fleet at Deal, Dover and Margate, that not a Post-Chaise and Horses were to be hired for that day, we therefore took up our abode at the ‘Three Kings’ a tolerably good Inn.

I soon found that I had not lost the use of my Tongue. I was tired of a six week’s silence. It is too much for any Woman. A Gentleman accosted us in the street, enquiring, if Captain Ferguson of the ‘Burne’ were in the Fleet? As none of the Gentlemen of our Party knew Capt F but my Uncle, and he was gone on before with the Boatmen, I had the temerity to speak. I was shocked at the incivility of my Companions. I told him Captain Ferguson was removed to the ‘Venus’ and would shortly come home. He made many apologies, but added that, he had a little Son under the Captain’s care, whom he anxiously expected. Indeed the pleasure I felt in giving this information was equal to his that received it. Captain Ferguson is Uncle to the brave Lieutenant Lock, and had educated him in the Sea Service.

We soon ordered breakfast, as our sail in the Downs had given us an appetite. Our Encomiums on our fare were “Bless me” says Mrs Weir, “How soft and white the bread is” another “How good the Water” “How rich the Milk” The butter was excellent and the Tea superfine! The Inn Keeper himself attended us, but, methought he looked as if he guessed we had not breakfasted for a week before.

The Gentlemen walked out to view the Fleets in the Downs of which there were many, waiting for Convoy. I was glad to rest a little in the dining room and compose myself, but I did not get the motion of the Ship out of my head for a week. I had the privilege of ordering Dinner. Mutton is the only meat which I give the preference to, nor did I know I liked that until Congress issued their Mandate

to their subjects, to "kill sparingly". I had long wished to taste fresh Herrings, of which this place affords a great plenty. My catering met the approbation of the Company. We neither needed provocative or invocative, hunger was the sauce.

After dinner we walked out "to see the Place". It has three pretty good streets in it, but not calculated for Carriages, as two cannot pass. There is not a Horse Cart in the town, nor any other Carriages but Post-Chaises, for Travellers.

The King's Store Houses, which are here called "The Buildings" make a good appearance on the Beach. Here were lying a great number of Anchors, ready for the Navy, should any ships be driven from their *moorings*. Do not criticise my English. I believe they can only *moor* in a river? Anchorage is better. This is an arm of the sea. You must confess that I am a tolerable Sailor in Petticoats.

We then went to view Deal Castle. The strength of this Fortress surprised me, it conveyed a very good idea of the times in which it was built, but, they did not know in those days the virtues of the Carolina Palmetto! The Governor of this Castle is the Marquiss of Caermarthen. There are Apartments fitted up, in a convenient and elegant manner for the reception of the Governor and his Lady. So glad was I to be removed from "Wars Alarms" that I envied them this bleak retreat: but, what is Grandeur without Honour and Virtue? You know the fate of this unfortunate pair? He was attached to a beautiful young Lady—the Daughter, and Heiress of Lord Holderness falls in love with him. His friends persuade him; he consents and marries her! Soon tired of possession, *she* seeks another Lover in Mr Byron. The Marquiss having too nice a sense of honour, winks at his Wife's indiscretion, until the World calls out. He is forced to be convinced and faints upon the dis-

covery. A suit is commenced in Doctors' Commons. An Act of Parliament for a Divorce follows. Whilst the Bill is pending his Mistress dies. She sends him a Legacy. The ring which he gave her as a token of his fidelity! Is not this an excellent Fable for a play? But the present age can testify its *truth!* Alas! Alas! That the example of the Virtuous Pair on the Throne cannot influence the Nobility. Let me *creep* along the humble vale, so it be in innocence and peace. My eyes, my fingers, bid you Adieu. They all give out.

London, August 26th 1779.

Are you not impatient to set me down in London, after so tedious a voyage? Indeed, I was a little fatigued but, with the rest and refreshments which Deal afforded us, we got spirits enough to think of a journey. Before I take leave of this place I must observe the very great cheapness of provisions, and the moderate charges at the "Three Kings". My Uncle's share and mine of the Bill, including Charles, did not amount to five shillings. Breakfast, Luncheon of Bread Cheese and Ale, Dinner and Tea. Fees to the Waiter and Chamber Maid were also divided and included. Firing was also charged. As the Shops were filled with China, I could not resist the temptation of purchasing some, being extravagantly cheap!

About 6 o'clock in the evening we procured a Post-Chaise, and set out for Canterbury, leaving our fellow passengers to wait till fortune should favour them. There is no Turnpike on the road from Deal to Canterbury, which made our ride seem as if it were on American Ground. Notwithstanding it was the latter end of November, and no Moon-light, my curiosity was so great, that I persuaded my Uncle to keep the Glasses of our Carriage down! but I laughed at the cold weather of this Country, at least what

I have seen of it, it is not near so cold as in Carolina. I was pleased at going through a large tract of ploughed land, where the wheat had been set. You know we have not much of that kind of earth in our swampy country. I then turned my eyes to the Starry Heavens! I espied the Constellation of the Plough which you first pointed out to me at the N. W. door of my uncle Dr Well's Hermitage, at John's Island. I soon observed the difference of the elevation of the Polar Star in these high Latitudes. A train of thoughts rushed into my mind composed of hopes and fears, joy and regret! but I refer you to my letters of August 23rd by the "Thynne" Packet.

We passed nothing deserving notice but some neat Farm Houses, and a man, hanging in a Gibbet. Stopped at a village called Wingham, and the Passengers availed themselves of the honest civility of the Country Host by quaffing a pint of Kentish Ale out of a neat Silver Mug, whilst their horses were baiting. You see nothing escaped my observation, although I travelled in the night. What may you expect when "Phoebus lends his cheering rays"? Would Apollo but lend his Lyre?—or—you your Pen, for this is worn to the stump and I have no knife to mend it. There would be no ascending the Hills in this neighbourhood if the "industrious hand of Man" as Mason says, had not "with Spade and Pick Axe" made paths through them. Chalk is easily worked. *Stumpy* will not write another word: put on your spectacles when you read this. Farewell!

London, August 28th 1779.

We entered Canterbury about ten o'clock through a huge Gate which seemed to be older and stronger than *Magna Charter*.

The Suburbs, and most part of this eminent City seem

to have a very Monastic Appearance. Time would not permit us to visit the Cathedral, nor the Shrine of that ' blessed Saint ' Thomas-a-Becket.

We drove to the King's Head Inn. We were shewn into a neat parlour, and the Landlady with a couple of Waiters, attended for orders. These civilities are always shewn to Post Chaises, let the Passengers be what they may. The difference from Deal, in regard to the Bills was great. A plate of Steaks, with Pickles, Bread and Cheese &c., was 4/8. Lodging 2/7 which we afterwards found was an imposition, as we took Post Horses from that House to the next Stage. My apartment had more the appearance of one fitted up for a Lady of Quality than for a poor American Refugee, however, this is the road from London to Paris,—but all Travellers make these observations on English Inns. When compared to those of other countries, they are Palaces.

At five o'clock in the morning, Novr., 29th, we were awakened by the sound of the bugle horn, belonging to a party of the Scots-Grays, which were quartered in Canterbury. It was time to be travelling—got up and dressed. Our Chaise was ready and we rode Post. About a mile from the city was a small neat hut, with a handsome lamp at the door, and a White Gate across the King's high road. I was just going to desire the Postilion to dismount and open it, when a gruff looking fellow clapt his mouth to my side of the chaise, and cried " Sixpence your Honour ". This was the first Turnpike I had ever seen and is called ' Canterbury Gate '. I now began to observe the great length of the twilight in these Latitudes; it was but six o'clock and we could clearly discern the face of the Country. It yields great plenty of Hops, if I might judge from the number of poles which were tied up in the fields. They are not unlike the tents which are in Encampments, for keeping the soldiers' arms in.

We passed through several villages, the names of which I did not know, as my Uncle forgot to take his book of the Post roads out of his Portmanteau. Now and then we lost a little of the Prospects, as we could not always keep down the Glasses, occasioned by several showers of ‘English’ rain, which overtook us. I was not a little surprised to see so many large plantations of Trees, of various kinds, for Timber, which abound in Kent. I thought myself in America. The chalk Hills continue many miles from the Sea, and chalk is used here for Manure.

At nine o’clock we arrived at Sittingborn, seventeen miles from Canterbury. Here we got a comfortable Breakfast. The cleanliness and neatness of these Inns always struck me, and the readiness with which the Traveller is accommodated : in half an hour we were again in our Chaise. Our new Driver seemed willing to convince us that he perfectly understood what a hurry we were in, so that he made the horses fly through the town at such a rate, that I could only observe, as we came out, a small Gothic Church on the right hand and a *one* Bell Tavern on the left—very properly placed thought I—Here is both the *broad* and *narrow*, Gates!—but my Uncle and I took Solomon’s advice and turned to neither, but looked straight forward to London.

Nothing remarkable happened on this Stage, excepting meeting several Country people going to Divine Service. I was glad to see it, as it gave me the satisfaction to think that I was once more in a Country where we could pray for our Sovereign without endangering our Necks.

Faversham stands on the right hand, a few miles from Rochester, on the side of a hill. At 12 o’clock we ascended the eminence which commands a view of Rochester, Chatham and Stroud, the River Medway and the most delightful Country I ever beheld!

As we wanted no refreshment at Rochester we were soon

equipped with “ a Chaise and Pair ”. These words fly from the Host to the Waiter and from the Waiter to the Ostler, and in the twinkling of an Eye, the Postilion is on one of the Horses. You need only be as quick in paying your shilling a mile. We did not *then* know that 9d was the proper charge. Lord North’s late Tax of *two pence* has only made them charge a shilling now.

We passed along *not* over, a neat Stone bridge which is thrown across the muddy stream of Medway. I was surprised at the foulness of this famed River, but found that it is owing to the rich clay soil of the banks which it laves, and the rains. Chatham Dock and Barracks are seen from hence, indeed, the three towns join; Stroud and Chatham on each side and Rochester in the middle. Some Regiments of the Militia were quartered. I saw some of the Officers walking in the Exchange, over which is the Town Hall. Our Inn was opposite. There is a great dissent from this place, going down which, we commanded one of the finest prospects, acknowledged by judges in England. If the Almanack had not told me it was November, I should have declared it to be April or May: a much finer verdure appeared than those months afford in any part of the Continent of America. I do not remember any circumstance worthy of record, but, meeting several Post-Chaises on the road with the Glasses *up*, and the people in them muffled as if the whole Island of Great Britain was covered with frost and snow.

As we approached Dartford, my Uncle bid me prepare to have my Trunks seized on account of my smuggled china. The Inn at Dartford was called the “ Rose ”, and was larger and more commodious than any we had stopped at, but we got a pair of jaded Horses from it, which dragged us seventeen Miles. As we ascended Gadshill I recollect Falstaff, Prince Hal, Poins &c. It was their rendez-vous. There is a grove of fine Trees on the top, or rather a Wood. Then

we approached Shooter's Hill and next Black Heath; as famous for robberies in modern times as in ancient days. We had a few guineas ready for those unlicensed Tax-gatherers. Here is a great house of Entertainment, at which hangs the sign of a 'green' Man, where many Citizens go out and spend this day i.e. Sunday. My Father belongs to a club which often meets there. From Shooter's Hill I had a fine view of the rich, the noble river Thames! How justly loved by the Poet as adored by the Merchant. We passed through Greenwich and Deptford. The crowds of the City began to shew themselves. We passed over London Bridge and were set down at the Spread Eagle, in Grace Church Street. From thence we took a Coach and drove through Cornhill, the Poultry, round St. Paul's Church, down Ludgate and Fleet Street, into Salisbury Court, No. 47, where my Father has lived ever since my Mother arrived.

As we passed the Churches, the Congregations were just dispersing. The people poured out like Bees out of hives. I will not fatigue you or myself with anything more at present. I must dedicate another day to correct these sheets, and, should they prove amusing to you, I shall desire no greater reward. May Heaven guard and protect you and grant you success in all your endeavours and undertakings.

My Father did not insure my Indigo. Unfortunately for my Uncle, we did not arrive in London on the Saturday. At nine o'clock in the evening his Policy was made out and he has since paid the Underwriters Three hundred pounds.

Farewell,

L. S. Wells

P.S.

September 3d 1779

Ever since I wrote the above I have been confined to my bed with a Fever. The Sun has set and I have just risen to make up this packet. This will be a sufficient excuse

for my sending it in such an incorrect state. Mrs McKenzie sets out to-morrow morning for Bristol and does (not?) return again to Town. If you will not take the trouble to revise and correct the sheets, pray commit them to the flames as soon as they have been read. I send the picture, which was done by Bembridge, but it is not worth setting.

The physicians attend me and I am ordered to Bath and Bristol. I would rather a voyage to the West Indies. Adieu.

L. S. W.

Flushing Novr. 22nd. 1794

My dear Son :

What pleasure I feel when I read in your uncles Letters of the rapid progress you are making in your Education, is easier to be imagined than described. I am sure you will also improve in Virtue considering the worthy examples you have before you. I sincerely hoped that e'er now I should have embraced my dear child, but, though man may appoint, 'tis God who disappoints, and, hitherto I have met no disappointment but what has ultimately turned out to the advantage of me or mine, the welfare of my family is more to me than my own convenience and pleasure. Had I proceeded in the Roselle some of us must have perished. Had I rashly proceeded alone in my projected journey to Edinburgh, I must have gone the same ground over again with your Father, who will most assuredly land at Falmouth about the end of March :—at least in all *human* probability.

Your little unknown Sister *May* is really a fine child, but her Nurse was yesterday very sick with a pain in her side, and Dr. Fox says that if I travel at this season, I may risk both of their Lives. I am therefore compelled to remain in this little country village in the West of England where it

rains nine months in the year—but it is the same at Bristol, Glasgow, and all the Western Coast of this Island.

I flatter myself that my Sister sent your Uncle John a copy of a Letter of mine to your Uncle William Charles Wells in London. I therein stated my reasons for educating my Daughters at least 100 miles from the Capital. You *will* see soon perhaps *all* of your Sisters—but rest contented till your affectionate Father and Mother visit your *Auld Reeky*, and then we shall plan every thing for the best; besides which we shall be aided and assisted by the good counsel of your Uncles and Aunts. Tell them how much I respect and esteem them—and I sincerely hope that every unfavourable impression they may entertain of us, may be removed, and I hope your dutiful Carriage and Behaviour, will help to bring about this desirable end. I have an elegant India Chintz pattern for your Aunt Henderson, but I dare not risk it by any other conveyance than my own Baggage—it is a present from your Pappa to her. Mary & Nancy are in good Health and desire their Love to you—and say they are quite happy at School—They required a much stricter Governess than any of my Sisters could have been, especially Mary—They are a *little broke* in now, but they were as wild as young *Fillics*.

There is a Lady now in Edinburgh, the Widow of the late Hon. Frederick Maitland Esqr. of the 'Queen' of 90 Guns—to her I owe much—I did myself the honour of writing to her from Cork in 1781, thanking her for her unmerited and unsolicited Hospitality shewn to Miss Sutherland, Miss Hilton and myself, then *Miss Wells*, at her House in Gosport.

I left her youngest son Frederick in a White Frock endeavouring to wield his Father's sword. I had the pleasure of drinking tea with him lately at the house of my Friend Mrs Wauchope dressed in his Uniform and gracefully orna-

mented with his own Hanger. I was truely happy to hear of the happy settlement of so many of Mrs Maitland's children, and that Mr Bell, their late Tutor had taken Orders and got a church. I invited young Frederick to come and see me in Jamaica—Should you see my worthy Friend tell her these particulars—If your Uncle thinks proper, call on her: the countenance of such a character will do you Honour—

Write me once a Week—Direct to Mrs Aikman, Post office,—Falmouth. Farewell my dear Boy.

Louisa S. Aikman.

To Master Alexander Aikman

Care of Mr John Aikman

of Jamaica

Post Office

Edinburgh

APPENDIX

NOTES TO THE FOREGOING JOURNAL

BY AUTHORESS OF SAME

A preparation for trials and afflictions in old age fulfilling the words of the prophet "Jeremiah"—"It is good to bear the yoke in Youth."

The account of the fatal premature interment of Mr George Woodrop (see page 54) made so deep an impression on my mind that I never forsook the apparently dying or dead until interment. When I left Jamaica in 1801, I reckoned eighteen Individuals who would have been sent to an untimely grave, but for my prompt exertions and unwearyed care. One in particular James Haughton, a youth fourteen years old, in the year 1785. Animation was suspended from seven o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at Noon. It was occasioned by a constant bleeding at the Nose. Two medical gentlemen were in attendance, who pronounced him *dead*. His Mother came and looked on him, as the Priest and Levite did on the Traveller in the gospel. "I leave him in good hands." She returned in time to *dress* for his funeral! I persevered, with the assistance of *Slaves* in using the means recommended by the Humane Society, and when this unnatural Parent returned, curled and powdered, with a —— and a crow-coloured Silk gown and Coat on, her Son was sitting up eating Sago from my hands. The Doctors also returned, and with such a triumph as I never felt before, I said "Gentlemen, he is worth more than two dead men." In 1816, J. H. was living, had been married twice and had several children. Fifteen years he recollects that I had saved his life. The person to whom

he said it observed he had taken a long time to find it out. In a fortnight after his recovery, he passed me on my own premises, without lifting his hat. Who would look for an earthly reward after the ingratitude of the nine Lepers who were cleansed by Him who went about doing good and left us an example that we might follow.

1827.

L. S. A.

"S.—R.—." page 55 Journal.

In the year 1791 when my Mother was in Charlestown Mrs S. was at the top of Fashion, and vied with the British Consul's Lady in the elegance of her Equipage and expensiveness of her Routes and Entertainments. I need not add that there were found plenty of people to admire and frequent them.

John Mills, Sexton, (page 54 Journal.)

Mr John Mills is now a Professor of Musick in London, and was many years a teacher in the Town of Marlborough. He has a Wife and two Daughters. Mills put me in mind of his forbidding the lids of the Coffins to be screwed at the Funerals he had attended from *our* House. The Catastrophe of Mr Woodrop had made such a deep impression on him, as to make him determine never to inter a corpse till he thought the person dead. He had dispersed Company several times.

Let my Son and Daughter read, mark and understand.

Louisa Susannah Aikman.

Chelsea April 9th 1802.

The following poetical letter is that which is alluded to on page 44 Journal:

To Mrs Robert Wells, at Dr John Wells' John's Island, South Carolina.

To Crowels, to Duns, to Business confined,
The Body healthy, but perplex'd the Mind,
A single Minute scarcely in my power
To write, how shall I find then half an hour?

To you sequestred in the Marshy Shade
Agues and Fevers lurking in each Glade;
No Hills nor Dales the view diversify,
But one dead Flat fatigues the languid Eye.
The Nightingale, or sweetly warbling Thrush
Ne'er charm the Ear nor aid the Lover's wish;
No limpid Brook nor gently purling Streams
To lull the Nymph to rest and pleasing Dreams;
No velvet Fog—no gay enamell'd Green—
With living Daisies, to adorn the Scene;
No gurgling Fountains laughing Naiads trim;

Here Afric's squalid Sons and Daughters grim!
Rank Vegetation there, deep Mire and Mud
While yonder creeps the torpid, dingey flood,
Here the green Lake, Parent of fell Disease,
Are these the objects then that Mary please?

Your Will is mine, the sooner here the better
To all, good wishes—and so ends my Letter.

(Signed) Robert Wells.
Charlestown April 15th 1773.

My Father and Mother were both born in Scotland, in
the year 1728 and married in 1750.

The note on Page 3 Journal is wrong—by the following Extract from Kelly's Universal Geography, it will appear my first statement was right. It ought to be so, as I received

my information from my father—but when in Charlestown in 1807 my account was corrected by others.

“ In 1695 a Scotch Company, having obtained from the English Government permission to trade to Africa and the East and West Indies, planted a Colony on the Isthmus of Darien, near the north west point of the Gulf. Here a fortress was erected called New Edinburgh, and the surrounding district was called Caledonia. The Indian princes were pleased at this, as they thought by the help of the Scotch, to expel the Spaniards. For some time the Colony flourished, but at last the Company was ruined by the jealousy of the East India Company and the remonstrances of the Court of Madrid.”

L. S. Aikman.

West Cowes, Isle of Wight, May 23rd 1817.

Determined by my Father’s Attornies that I should come to England. I had now fulfilled my promise of “ abiding by his Property as long as “ one stone stood upon another.” All was a heap of ruins—all burnt, excepting a large House at the other end of the Town, which, with our lots and Lands is since confiscated. The wreck saved out of the Fire, was sold and with the money, twenty two Casks of Indigo were purchased, which we hoped would realize £5000, Sterling in London. I was six months in disposing of the property, Slaves &c.—when to my astonishment, confusion and dismay, I was served with a Mandate, forbidding my taking it out of the Country. It was well known that it was intended to liquidate my Father’s British debts; and by a Resolution of their Assembly in 1775, none such were to be paid. Mr Lowndes was our Friend, and sent us early notice of our danger, for had it been afloat, which many in the

Council thought, it had all been forfeited. The Carts had been bespoke to take it on board next morning and it was at Midnight we received our intelligence. What was I to do in this dilemma? I could not go to a foreign country without Specie, or what would procure it for me. I was permitted to take three Casks. The size was not limited, we therefore turned out the contents of five into three rum-puncheons: but what a pittance was this to bring of our once ample fortune! Alas! how poorly has our Loyalty been rewarded! A pension of Sixty pounds was offered; but our friend James McPherson Esquire refused it, saying, it was not equal to what my Father used to give a Clerk in America. With difficulty we obtained a hundred and after my sister's arrival fifty more was added but nothing else of a pecuniary nature was ever bestowed on our Family. Lord North once asked my Father how his Nervous Daughter did, as all our Letters used to be opened and read at White Hall, which operated so forcibly I was often afraid to write. The Journal which accompanies this although addressed to a well-known friend of yours and mine you have my permission to read.

I now conclude this long and tedious detail with the hope of being able one day hence to talk over, not at your Fireside, but in the Torrid Zone, all these disasters, with a pleasure which none can know but those who have served their time in the School of Affliction! I now know that Adversity is the Parent of many virtues.

Farewell.

L. S. Wells.

Note.—As my Father succeeded in business as a Merchant,* the Pension was reduced to Sixty pounds per annum; thro' the Speculations of some Correspondents in Georgia and the injustice of others in the West Indies he

was under the necessity of delivering up his effects to his Creditors. He gave all, and I believe the debts are now entirely liquidated; but alas this second stroke was too much! A paralytic affection deprived him of his Mental Faculties at the age of Sixty three, and three years after he died in 1794, leaving his Widow and two daughters totally unprovided for—nor could the application of General James Grant, Sir John McPherson or James McPherson Esquire, obtain the smallest relief from Government.

Feby 23rd 1802.

L. S. A.

* Mr R. Wells who had resided in this country from the beginning of the American War, had during it, been so successful in business as to realize about £20,000—but from giving too great credit his circumstances became embarrassed about this time (1785.) Ex. from Dr Lister's Memoir of W. C. Wells, Gentleman's Magazine Nov. 1817.

The foregoing statement of monies received from Government is erroneous. My Mother gave me the following particulars a few days ago, viz.

1st Year (1775)	£ 60
2nd. "	(1776) £100
3rd "	(1778) £150
4th "	(1779) £150

Compensation for Confiscated property received from Government. £1200

When my Father failed the Creditors allowed £170 for the support of the Family and Government added £30 per annum for two years only till the death of my Father, in Lieu of a Salary enjoyed by him, in America, as Marshall of the Vice Court of Admiralty in Charlestown.

L. S. Aikman.

Chelsea, August 13th 1802.

NOTES referring to Family of Authoress of foregoing
Journal, by W. G. Aikman.

On Sunday 13th April 1902 attended Morning Service at St. Brides' Fleet Street London. After service looked for and found the Monument referred to on page 83. Searched the Church Register and made the following extracts.

1794

July 16 Robert Wells, Salisbury Square.
Late from America. Aged 66
Buried in Hearne's Vault.

1805

June 25 Mary Wells. Decline. Camberwell
Aged 77

Buried in Lady Jersey's Vault

1817 William Charles Wells. Aged 60
Serjeants Inn. September 25.
Buried by W. Jenour.

Extract from the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine of July 1794.

At his house in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, aged 66 Mr Robert Wells, Merchant, formerly a printer of considerable eminence at Charlestown, South Carolina, but had retired thence into this Country, as a Loyalist, on the establishment of the new Government there. Mr W. was a man of letters, and a poet, evinced by a *travestie* of Virgil*, which he wrote and published whilst at Charlestown. He has left a Son, a Physician, deservedly rising into eminence in London; and two (three) Daughters.

West Cowes 1816.

L. S. Aikman.

* I think this was written by Roland Bagly, Ala.

L. S. A.

Extract from the Obituary Gentleman's Magazine for
May 1804.

. . 13th May. At his house in Brompton-Grove in his 89th year John Savage Esquire. He was a native of Bermuda, and was bred a Seaman but while still young settled as a Merchant in Charlestown, South Carolina, where after many years of great industry, he acquired a considerable fortune. In 1775 from a desire to avoid witnessing the political struggle which was then beginning in North America, he came to this Country, in which he ever after resided. He was a man of strong and sound sense, exemplary piety, primitive simplicity of manners great temperance and unvarying cheerfulness, of the most rigid integrity and unbounded benevolence and charity. To his suggestion was owing the restriction which is imposed on the British Slave Ships, with respect to the number of Negroes they carry from Africa. Notwithstanding his great age, his memory and other mental faculties were entire, and till within a few days of his death, he was capable of taking considerable bodily exercise. Had it not indeed been for an acute disease to which the Young are as liable as the old, what is termed by Surgeons "an incarcerated hernia" it is probable that his life would have been considerably prolonged.

The foregoing character of Mr Savage was written by the late Dr William Charles Wells F.R.S. and of the Societies of London and Edinburgh and one of the Physicians of St. Thomas Hospital.

West Cowes 1816.

L. S. A.

NEAR THIS PLACE ARE DEPOSITED
THE REMAINS OF
ROBERT WELLS,
WHO WAS BORN AUGUST 10TH 1728,
AND WHO DIED JULY 12TH 1794;
AND OF
MARY HIS WIFE, WHO WAS BORN DECEMBER 27TH 1728,
AND WHO DIED JUNE 21ST 1805;
NATIVES OF SCOTLAND,
FOR MANY YEARS RESIDENTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA,
AND WHO CLOSED THEIR LIVES IN THIS CITY,
BELOVED AND REVERED BY THEIR CHILDREN
FOR THEIR DOMESTIC VIRTUES;
AND ALSO OF THEIR SON,
WILLIAM CHARLES WELLS, M.D. F.R.S. L.&E.
WHO WAS BORN MAY 24TH 1757,
AND WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 18TH 1817;
A SKILFUL AND LEARNED PHYSICIAN,
AN INVENTIVE PHILOSOPHER,
A MAN OF SINGULAR WORTH AND HONOUR:
HE EXTENDED THE BOUNDARIES OF NATURAL SCIENCE;
AND EXHIBITED IN HIS CONDUCT,
AN UNION OF GENEROSITY WITH FRUGALITY,
OF HIGH-MINDEDNESS WITH PRUDENCE,
AND A STRICT AND SCRUPULOUS INTEGRITY,
ABOVE THE REACH OF SUSPICION AS WELL AS OF REPROACH.
LOUISA SUSANNAH AIKMAN
CAUSED THIS TABLET TO BE ERECTED,
AS A TRIBUTE
OF DUTY TO HER PARENTS WHOM SHE HIGHLY HONOURED,
AND OF AFFECTION TO HER BROTHER
WHOM SHE TENDERLY LOVED.

This Tablet is erected in the Parish Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, London, under the superintendence of J. B. Nichols Esquire, Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, and is inserted in the Number for June Vol. 91st and 14th New Series. The Epitaph or Inscription Dr Lister of Lincoln's Inn fields did me the honour to write, dictated by a friendship for my Brother of thirty years standing.
"William! best of Sons, best of Brothers, farewell."

The following Extract from the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for October 1817 was made by W. G. Aikman at Stirling's Library Glasgow, 23rd April 1902.

William Charles Wells, M.D., F.R.S.L. and E Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London, and one of the Physicians to St. Thomas's Hospital, was born in Charlestown, South Carolina, in May 1757, and was the second son, but fourth child of Robert and Mary Wells, both natives of Scotland, who settled in Carolina in 1753. His father who had been originally a merchant and afterwards carried on the business of a bookseller and bookbinder, and printer of a newspaper, with considerable success, appears to have been possessed of more than common talents and attainments, and his mother to have been generous and high-minded: and both of them were the objects of his esteem and gratitude, and tender filial affection, as long as he lived. Before he was eleven years old he was sent to Scotland to a considerable grammar school at Dumfries then kept by a Mr George Chapman, where he remained nearly two years and a half; and at the expiration of that time had finished the usual course of studies pursued there. In the autumn of 1770 he went to Edinburgh, and attended several of the lower classes

of the University. At this time he was first acquainted with Mr David Hume and Mr William Miller, now better known by the title of Lord Glenlee, who afterwards became two of his most intimate friends; and to his intercourse with whom he was accustomed to attribute the most beneficial effects upon his character, and for whose good offices he entertained, in all circumstances, the most lively gratitude. He returned to Charlestown in South Carolina, in 1771; and soon after his return was placed as an apprentice with Dr Alexander Garden, at that time the chief practitioner of Physic there, and well known to Naturalists by his communications to the Royal Society. During three years of the time he was with him, he has said, that he studied so diligently, that, though quite unassisted, he acquired perhaps more knowledge than in any three subsequent years of his life. In 1775, soon after the commencement of the American war, he left Charlestown suddenly, and came to London. He had been called upon to sign a paper denominated “The Association”, the object of which was to unite the people in a resistance to the claims of the British Government. He was a conscientious and zealous friend to those claims, and could not therefore sign the paper without a violation of principle; and this, neither the authority of his master nor the remonstrances of his friends, could induce him to commit. In the beginning of the winter of that year he went to Edinburgh, and commenced his medical studies, with the view of taking a degree. He was happy in the opportunity which this afforded him of cultivating his friendship with Mr David Hume and Mr Miller, with whom he had kept up a correspondence while he was in Carolina, and of gaining a third most intimate and constant friend, the present Dr Robertson Barclay. He studied there three winters, and passed his preparatory trials in the summer of 1778, but did not then graduate. In the autumn he returned to London, and

attended a course of Dr William Hunter's lectures, took instructions in practical Anatomy, and became a surgeon's pupil at Bartholomew's Hospital. Early in 1779 he went to Holland as surgeon to a Scotch regiment in the service of the United Provinces. At first he passed his time agreeably; but, having received ill treatment from his commanding officer, he, with that spirit and decision which characterised him through life, resigned his commission, and on the day on which he received his dismissal from the service challenged the officer who had ill treated him, and who had now the meanness to attempt to punish him for military insubordination, after he had ceased to be subject to military authority; but avoided exposing his own person to the danger which would have arisen from accepting the challenge. Immediately afterwards, in the beginning of the year 1780, he went to Leyden, where he was principally employed in preparing an Inaugural Thesis, which was published at Edinburgh in the autumn of that year, when he took the degree of Doctor in Medicine; the subject of this Thesis was *Cold*. At this time the friendship between him and Dr Lister commenced, which continued without interruption to his death. They had been introduced to one another by their common friend, the late Dr James Currie, the author of "Medical Reports" and the biographer and editor of Burns. In the beginning of 1781 he went to Carolina, which was then in the possession of the King's troops, in order to arrange the affairs of his family, and was there at the same time an officer in a corps of volunteers; a printer, a bookseller, and a merchant, a trustee for some of his father's friends in England for the management of affairs of considerable importance in Carolina; and on one occasion exercised at the instance of the Colonel Commandant of the militia, the office of Judge Advocate, in conducting a prosecution in a general court martial of militia officers. In this prosecution he suc-

ceeded, though opposed by two of the principal lawyers in Charlestown, and maintained his composure and self-possession in spite of every effort to load him with reproach, and to intimidate him. It would not be easy to mention an instance of greater vigour and variety of talent than the exercise, at the same time, of these numerous and different occupations displays. In December 1782, it having become necessary for the King's troops to evacuate Charlestown, he went to St. Augustine in East Florida. He here edited a weekly newspaper, which was the first that had ever been published in that country. On this occasion a circumstance occurred, which exhibited in a striking manner the activity and perseverance of his mind. He had brought from Charlestown a printing press, which had been taken to pieces in order to be transported more readily, and a pressman. He had had no doubt that the pressman could easily put the pieces together, but was now told that this was the business of a press-joiner, and that a pressman knew nothing about the matter. He found among some books he had brought with him one called a "Printer's Grammar", containing rude cuts of a printer's press; and by studying this book diligently for several days, he succeeded with the help of a Negro carpenter, in putting the press into working order. He became captain of a corps of volunteers, and manager of a company of young officers who had agreed to act plays for the benefit of the poorest of the loyal refugees from Carolina and Georgia; and occasionally an actor himself. He had great success in *Lusignan* in *Zara*, and in *old Norval* in *Douglas*; but did not succeed in *Castalio* in the *Orphan*; and failed, as might be expected by those who knew him in Comedy. In 1784 he left St. Augustine, and came to London and at that time became acquainted with Dr Baillie, which acquaintance ripened into a most intimate, steady, and affectionate friendship. In the spring of 1785

he spent three months at Paris, and in the autumn of that year fixed himself in London as a physician. His father, who had resided in this country from the beginning of the American war, had, during it, been so successful in business as to realize about £20,000; but, from giving too great credit, his circumstances became embarrassed about this time. In consequence of this Dr Wells, at his first outset as a physician in London, was obliged to borrow of one of his friends £130 and to make subsequent loans of other friends, until his debts amounted to £600. But these loans constituted the whole of his debts; and he never suffered a tradesman who called for money to go away without it. He scarcely took a fee for the first few years of his being in London; and he had been ten years in it before his receipts from every source amounted to £250 per annum. In the next five years he was enabled to pay off a part of his debt; and he had the satisfaction, before his death, of having discharged his whole debt, interest as well as principal; of having realized something that must be called a capital, though a very small one; and of being in the receipt of an income from his practice, which to a person of his moderate wants, and a bachelor, was abundant. It should be mentioned, that he never omitted to pay the income and property taxes with the most scrupulous exactness; and that during a part of the time in which his income was very confined, he allowed an annuity of £20 to a relation in dependent circumstances.

In 1788 he was admitted a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London, and was one of those Licentiates who in 1793 addressed a letter to the President and Fellows, claiming admission into the College, and founding their claim upon the charter by which the College was incorporated. Soon after the decision upon this Claim in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Dr Stanger, he applied in 1797, to the College for admission to an examina-

tion, in order that, if his fitness should be ascertained, he might be admitted a Fellow. This application was in strict conformity to a bye-law, by which from the stress which was laid upon it by Lord Kenyon and the other Judges and by Mr Erskine, the leading Counsel for the College in Dr Stanger's case, it was believed that the College would be governed. He was not admitted to an examination. This gave occasion to his very able Letter to Lord Kenyon. About four years ago he received a message from the President of the College, enquiring if he had any desire to become a Fellow, to which he answered that he had none.

In 1790 he was appointed one of the Physicians to the Finsbury Dispensary, and remained so until 1798. In 1793 he was admitted into the Royal Society of London. In 1798 he was elected Assistant Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital; and in 1800 became one of the Physicians. In this last year, 1800, he was seized with a slight fit of apoplexy. This determined him to adopt a most abstemious mode of living; so that when he was at home, which was perhaps four or five days in the week, he lived upon milk and vegetable substances, and took a very small quantity of these: he had no subsequent attack of apoplexy. From the time however, of his recovery from that ailment, his health was disordered in various ways, unconnected with his previous illness, and perhaps unconnected with one another. In 1812 he commenced some experiments, with a view of throwing light upon the nature of Dew, a subject which had long engaged his attention. A breathlessness and palpitation of the heart, and swelled feet, took place while he was employed in making these experiments; so that for a time he was obliged to interrupt them. Immediately on this interruption he wrote out a short statement of the facts he had ascertained, and the opinions he had formed, respecting the production of dew, and deposited it with a friend, lest death should surprise him.

and the produce of his ingenuity and labour should be lost. He returned to his pursuit with eagerness, while his health was still precarious. When his enquiries were completed, he set about writing his Essay with anxious assiduity, doubtful of his living to finish it, and fancying, as he has expressed it, that each page he wrote was so much gained from oblivion. The mind of every generous reader must sympathise with him in his anxiety while his work was going on, and in his satisfaction when it was completed; though it should not be believed, that his name would have been in danger of being forgotten, if it had not had this additional claim to remembrance. His Essay upon Dew was published in August 1814, and in that year he was admitted into the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In 1816 the President and Council of the Royal Society of London did him the honour of adjudging to him the gold and silver medals on Count Rumford's donation, for his Essay on Dew. It was impossible for him not to be highly gratified by this satisfactory testimony to the success of his anxious labours. From 1814 to the commencement of his last illness, his health in some respects improved—he was more active, had more strength, and higher spirits; but he remained extremely thin, and was constantly affected with an inability to lie upon the left side, and with swelled feet, and occasionally with palpitation of the heart, and breathlessness. In the beginning of the present year he observed that he frequently, as if by an involuntary act, made a deep and sudden inspiration; but no other symptom of disorder was observed by him until the beginning of June. He was then several times affected at night with violent pains in his right side while he was lying upon that side, which went off when he turned upon his back. On the 10th or 12th he had one of these attacks. On the 14th he went on a visit for a few days to a friend in the country, and was as cheerful, and apparently as well as usual. On

the next day he had no disposition to walk, but exerted himself remarkably to amuse a large company at dinner; in the evening he was languid and drowsy, went to bed earlier, and slept longer than he was accustomed to do. On the next day he returned to town. He at that time laboured under an inflammatory affection of the chest, and it was feared that when this abated, an effusion of fluid into some part of the cavity of the chest might take place; but it was believed that, though his recovery might be slow, and not complete, he would ultimately recover, and enjoy life on terms on which it would have been a blessing. This continued to be the opinion of his medical friends, Dr Baillie, and Dr Lister, till the 8th of August when he was suddenly seized while he was sitting up, with the sensation of a tremulous motion in the chest, which he referred to the heart, from which time his pulse intermitted. After this no expectation was entertained of his recovery. His life was continued until the evening of the 18th of September; and until very near its termination his mind was clear and active, and his spirits calm and cheerful.

The following is a list of his writings in a chronological order: In 1780 and 1781 he published several small political things without his name. In the latter part of the year 1780 he published an account of Mr Henry Laurens, some time President of the American Congress, in the form of a letter, under the signature of Marcus, to the printer of the Public Advertiser.

In 1781 he wrote a political paper of some importance, by the desire of the Commandant of the Garrison of Charlestown, the present Gen. Nesbitt Balfour, on the following occasion. Men of rank in the American service after having been taken prisoners and sent to their homes under their military paroles, used to make no scruple to appear again in arms against the British Government. The object of this

paper was to show, by an appeal to military usage, and the nature of the thing itself, that such conduct subjected them to the punishment of death. The Commandant directed the frequent publication of this paper in the public newspapers; and it is probable that it was owing to this warning that Gen. Balfour and Lord Moira thought themselves justified in putting to death a Colonel Haynes, the propriety of which act was afterwards a subject of debate in the British Parliament.

In 1792 “An Essay upon single Vision with two Eyes.” In 1794 two letters, in reply to Dr Darwin’s remarks in his “Zoonomia” upon what Dr Wells had written in his “Essay upon Vision”, on the apparent rotation of bodies which takes place during the giddiness occasioned by turning ourselves quickly and frequently round. These are contained in the Gentleman’s Magazine for September and October.

1795 a Paper, upon the influence which incites the muscles to contract in Mr Galvani’s Experiments.

In 1797, “Experiments upon the Colour of the Blood” These two are published in the Philosophical Transactions.

In 1799, “A Letter to Lord Kenyon relative to the conduct of the Royal College of Physicians of London, in the case of Dr Stanger”.

In 1800, “Some Account of the Life of Mr Anthony Lambert, formerly of Calcutta”; and also, “Some Account of Mr George Wilson, apothecary, of Bedford Street, Covent-Garden.”

In 1802 “A Biographical Sketch of Dr George Fordyce”.

In 1804 “A short Account of Mr John Savage, formerly of Charlestown”, and in 1809, “Biographical Memoirs of Dr David Pitcairn”. The five preceding publications appeared in the Gentleman’s Magazine.

In 1811, "Some Experiments and Observations on Vision." This was published in the Philosophical Transactions.

In 1813, "A Biographical Sketch of Dr Andrew Marshall." This was published in the Gentleman's Magazine.

In 1814, "An Essay upon Dew."

In 1815, "An Answer to Remarks in the Quarterly Review upon the Essay on Dew". In the same year, "An Answer to Mr Prevost's Queries respecting the Explanation of Mr B. Prevost's Experiments on Dew."

In 1816, "A Short Letter on the Condensation of Water upon Glass" These three last appeared in Dr Thomson's "Annals of Philosophy."

Almost all his writings upon Medical subjects are contained in the second and third volumes of the "Transactions of a Society for the Promotion of Medical and Chirurgical Knowledge"

The titles of these writings are:—

1. "Observations on Erysipelas"
2. "An Instance of an entire want of Hair on the Human body".
3. "Observations on the Dropsy which succeeds Scarlet Fever".
4. "A Case of Tetanus, with Observations on the Disease".
5. "A Case of Aneurism of the Aorta, communicating with the Pulmonary Artery."
6. "A Case of considerable Enlargement of the Caecum and Colon".
7. "A Case of extensive Gangrene of the Cellular Membrane between the Muscles and Skin of the Neck and Chest."
8. "On Rheumatism of the Heart".
9. "On the presence of the Red Matter and Serum of the blood in the Urine of Dropsy, which has not originated in Scarlet Fever".
10. "Observations on Pulmonary Consumption and In-

termittent Fever, chiefly as Diseases opposed to each other; with an attempt to arrange several other Diseases, according to the Alliance or Opposition which exists between them, and one or other of the two former".

Besides these, there is a case of Aphonia Spasmodica described by him and communicated by Dr Carmichael Smith, in the second volume of the "Medical Communications".

He left behind him many papers; but in the beginning of his illness he directed all which then existed, with one exception, to be destroyed. The paper which he excepted related to the difference of colour and form between the White and Negro races of men, and will be published. His other papers might have been of great use in accomplishing the literary projects he had formed. One of these, which he had thought of at times for 40 years, was to show that there is a material difference in the manner in which we acquire our ideas of the primary and secondary qualities of matter. He was reading, with a view to publishing upon this subject when he was attacked by his fatal illness. He had also an intention of composing several papers upon Vision which he would have presented to the Royal Society, the chief of which would have treated of those phenomena of light which have been denominated by authors, coloured shadows, or ocular spectra. When this should have been done, he intended to have collected all his writings upon Vision into one volume, and to have inscribed it, as a tribute of gratitude, to the memory of Robert Wells, his father. It is not known that he had any other distinct literary projects; but there can be no doubt that his collections upon Medical subjects, which were very large and numerous, would have afforded, in his hands, the materials of many interesting and useful publications.

It would be difficult to delineate fully, and to appreciate

exactly, the character of this eminent person. His literary productions have made him well known as a learned and skilful Physician, as an acute and inventive Philosopher and as a perspicuous, vigorous, and elegant Writer; but those who knew him personally estimate him much more highly than those who are acquainted only with his writings. His powers of mind were strong, acute, comprehensive, and versatile. He was capable of the most close and long continued attention, and of directing this attention at pleasure. His knowledge was profound, accurate, various, and ready for use. He was not so exact and minute a classical Scholar as English Public Schools and Universities produce, nor a deep Mathematician; but he had read some of the Greek and most of the Latin Classics with great attention, wrote Latin easily and correctly, and had made himself master of the elementary books of the inferior branches of Mathematicks. He was well acquainted with Natural Philosophy, and particularly, as his writings show, with Optics, and had learned by reading, the facts of Modern Chemistry. He was an acute Metaphysician, and intimately versed in the theories of Morals and Politicks. He knew with great minuteness History, ancient and modern, civil and literary; was practically as well as theoretically acquainted with Commerce, and had studied Political Economy with considerable attention. But his mind was remarkable, not so much for being stored with particular facts, as with general principles; and the readiness with which new observations were referred to and judged of by those principles, was a matter of surprise to those who heard him converse. He had studied Belles-Lettres with great success. He was familiar with the best writers in the English language, and wrote it himself with great purity and with singular perspicuity; and, when the occasion called for it, with force and elegance. His taste was in an extraordinary degree correct; and it is probable that it owed

its correctness, in a great measure, to the habit he was in, of exercising it upon every piece of composition which came before him. He seldom read any thing, even in manuscript, without noticing in the margin, not only the errors in fact and reasoning, but those in style.

He was highly interesting in conversation, not only from the information he conveyed, but from the vivacity and acuteness of his remarks; he was fond of making it an exercise of talent, a sort of intellectual fencing match, a trial of skill, a contest for mastery, as well as a means of promoting benevolence and knowledge.

In active life he was remarkable for promptness and decision, which on all great occasions were united with much prudence and caution. He was laboriously diligent; eager, and steady in his pursuits, and less satisfied with any present success, than cheered by it in his attempts to obtain greater. He was frugal, yet liberal; high-minded, and unwilling to be obliged, perhaps uneasy under obligation, but most grateful for kindness; resentful, yet placable; irascible, and indulging his feeling when it arose from trifling causes, but exercising the utmost self-command under very great provocation, if the occasion was important, and propriety required it; indignant at insolence and oppression and regardless of all personal consequences in the expression of his indignation, but submissive to the appointments of Heaven, and calm and cheerful under the sufferings which flowed from them: a sense of duty was the paramount feeling in his mind, to which hatred and love, fear and desire gave way; and which danger and difficulty served only to make more active and vigorous.

Extract Memoir from Life of Dr. Wells.

I was born in Charlestown, South Carolina, in May 1757, being the second son but fourth child of Robert and Mary Wells both natives of Scotland. My Mother bore many children afterwards, none of whom lived more than a few years, except one Helena a daughter, who now resides in London; my brother died about twenty years ago; my two eldest sisters Louisa Susannah Aikman and Pricilla Wells survive.

Robert Wells had been bred a bookseller and bookbinder when a youth in Dumfries. In Charlestown he added to these occupations that of a Printer of a Newspaper, for which he was well qualified from his previous education, being a good Latin Scholar, and particularly well read in History and the belles-lettres. He had besides studied his own language grammatically, and wrote it with great correctness and purity. He succeeded in Charlestown and sent my elder brother nearly five years older than myself to a considerable grammar-school at Dumfries which was then kept by a Mr George Chapman.

I was sent from Charlestown to Dumfries School before I was eleven years old. I remained at it two and a half years by which time I had finished the course of studies usually pursued there. His correspondent in Scotland then sent me to Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1770

I returned to Charlestown in 1771 and a few months afterwards was placed as an apprentice with Dr. Alex. Garden the chief practitioner of physic. When I had resided with him somewhat more than three years the American Rebellion broke out in New England.

My Father whose conduct as the printer of a newspaper had become extremely offensive to the people of Carolina

from his constantly maintaining the cause of royalty, found it prudent to leave that Country and to return to Great Britain. Soon after he went away, public matters became worse and I was desired with others to sign a kind of state paper there, “the Association” which as it appeared to me to be an open act of rebellion, I positively refused to do. I therefore determined to leave the country also, but my services were now of considerable importance to my master, who was at the same time one of my Father’s attorneys, my Mother’s Brother (Robert Rowand) was also one of his attorneys; and these two along with my elder brother, strongly resisted the execution of my design, but my Mother who was a third attorney, a woman of an enthusiastic turn of mind, declared that the first public act of my life should never disgrace me; she therefore in spite of the attempts of the others sent me off to England about three months after my Father had parted from her. I arrived in this country in the autumn of the same year 1775 and was most kindly received by my father, and applauded by him for my conduct.

In the beginning of winter of same year (1775) I went to Edinburgh and commenced my regular medical education, strengthening my firm friendship with Mr D. Hume and Mr Miller (now Lord Glenlee) with whom I had kept up a correspondence while in Carolina. I studied three winters in Edinburgh and in the course of that time gained a third intimate friend—Dr Robertson Barclay. I passed my preparatory trials for the degree of doctor in medicine in the summer of 1778; but did not at that time completely graduate. In the autumn I returned to London, and attended a course of Dr William Hunter’s lectures and took instructions in practical Anatomy.

In the autumn of 1780 I returned to Edinburgh and published my Thesis (upon ‘Cold’) and received the honour of being made Doctor in Medicine. While I was at

Edinburgh at this time, I formed a fourth intimate friendship namely, one with the present Dr Lister of London.

In consequence of my Brother's arrival from England, I embarked at St. Augustine for Great Britain in May 1784. As soon as I returned to London I began to seriously study my profession to fit myself for the exercise of it, and in consequence cultivated the acquaintance of medical persons. In this way I became acquainted with the present Dr Baillie and soon after contracted with him an intimate friendship which now constituted the fifth, and has been the last I have ever formed.

The next spring I spent three months in Paris and about Midsummer 1785 I returned to London. In the autumn I had the name of Dr Wells affixed upon the door of a lodging which I had hired.

It must not be regarded as an instance of the weakness of an old man's mind, my desiring that my body may be deposited in Lady Jersey's Vault in St. Bride's Church, immediately above that of my mother, and in contact with it, as hers is now placed with respect to that of my father; for it has been my wish for many years past, that this should be done. I have, indeed, never been desirous to conquer any natural feelings, when their indulgence led to no harm; on the contrary I have always regarded such indulgence, as highly conducive to the softening of the original hardness of my character.

August 22nd 1817.

My father was a man of great sobriety himself, and restricted me, while I was a boy, from drinking anything but water; and I never, in any posterior part of my life, have had the least desire to taste any stronger liquor, except in compliance with the ordinary customs of society. In 1782 I became president of a Club in Florida, and agreeably to

the custom of the country, thought it necessary to make my subjects intoxicated. In this attempt I necessarily became somewhat intoxicated myself, but still in a less degree than the others, from proceeding more cautiously. During the other six days of the week, though living constantly in society, I drank nothing but water, nor did I ever afterwards, even before my health became infirm in 1800 desert this practice, except I was in Society.

My father, though naturally a passionate man, in all the ordinary affairs of life conducted himself with the greatest prudence, except in the case already mentioned, when he was induced, by too great ease of temper, to swerve from it. My Mother was much his inferior in point of common sense, and had a strong tendency to act a little romantically.

I resembled them both, not only in person but disposition; and in consequence of my resemblance to my Mother in this latter circumstance, began early to show signs of a certain waywardness of disposition.

Extracts from a letter of Dr William Charles Wells.

Going to Charlestown in 1783 upon some family concerns, I was arrested there and thrown into goal; a few days after my arrival, in violation of a flag of truce with which I had entered the country. Such at least was the opinion of Governor Tonyn, who had given that flag; for as soon as my arrest was known in Florida he sent a commissioner to Carolina, Mr Wyllie, the present Chief Justice of the Bahama Islands, to demand my release. In the meantime, a publication appeared respecting me, signed by the goaler in whose custody I had been placed, which began thus: "William Charles Wells, a political sinner of the first magnitude in this land, and now suffering but a very small proportion

of those pains and penalties which his high crimes and misdemeanours have so justly deserved in the common goal of this metropolis," &c. Nature had not formed nor had education trained me, to submit with silence to oppression. By means of money, I got a letter inserted in one of the Charlestown newspapers, the following extracts from which will show to your Lordship, whether my sentiments then partook of disloyalty.

Charlestown, in Goal, July 17, 1783.

"I left this place in August, 1775, purposely to avoid signing a paper, at that time handed about under the title of "An Association." I returned to it in January 1781, when in possession of the British Army and left it again with those troops in December 1782. I am, I ever was, and I ever shall be, a subject of Great Britain.

"In what respect, therefore, I can be a 'political sinner of the first magnitude in this land,' and what are these 'high crimes and misdemeanours' which I have committed, I cannot well conceive. If indeed to wish well to my Country while contending with the powers, and to be ready at all time to lay down my life in support of its honour and interests, be a crime, I cheerfully plead guilty to the charge."

"For a freeman to be deprived of his liberty, and lodged in a common goal, to be kept constantly locked up in a room, whose ceiling is in that condition that the rain pervades it in every shower, sometimes in such quantity that it must be carried out in pails, and whose only window looks to the north, a quarter of the heavens from which the wind never blows when the weather is sultry, and which not being glazed, obliges him to exclude the cheerful light of day, at the same time that he shuts out the storm.* lastly, to be without the conversation of his friends, whom the dread of

popular resentment prevents from visiting him;* * if these sufferings are but a small portion of what he is to bear he can look forward to nothing but Death as the full expiation of his crimes. Grant him but the choice of the mode, and he will thank Heaven for the opportunity of demonstrating his attachment to his Sovereign. Let but thousands witness that his last prayers were for his country's prosperity, and it will afford him more exquisite happiness in the extreme moments of his life, than good men enjoy when angels sing requiems to their departing souls".

* Thunder-storms occur almost daily in South Carolina, in the months of July and August, and almost always proceed from the North or North-west.

* * Mr John Harleston, and his wife, Mrs Elizabeth Harleston, persons of rank and fortune in Carolina. I had received many civilities from them during my stay in Charlestown, while it was a British garrison, and had on my part, done them some small service. But small as this was, it sank deep into their noble natures, and constituted a debt, unused as they were to receive obligations, which seemed to them inextinguishable. On my return to Charlestown, with the flag of truce, they insisted upon my staying at their house, but it was during my imprisonment that the energy of their friendship was chiefly conspicuous. No one day of the three months which it lasted passed away, without my receiving from them repeated instances of kindness, such as I could have expected only from those, who were bound to me by the closest ties of blood. This conduct would at any time have merited my utmost gratitude; but when I consider the circumstances under which it occurred, my feelings altogether unman me. Mr. Harleston's estate had been heavily amerced by the legislature of South Carolina; and at that period, when the affairs of the State were

regulated by the narrow principles of a petty corporation, nothing could tend more to frustrate his hope, that the fine would be taken off, than his showing attention to any one in my situation. The reins of government also were then so feebly held, that the populace almost daily wreaked their vengeance upon such as had fallen under their displeasure. One night, during the anarchy, a mob surrounded Mr Harleston's house, threatening to destroy it on account of his behaviour to me. He was from home but his wife, with the spirit and dignity of a Roman matron went out to the rioters, and told them that her husband and herself had done nothing towards me but their duty, and that they should not be prevented from continuing to perform it, by any menace whatever. One of those persons is since dead, the other still exists an ornament to her sex. Excellent woman! enjoying in affluence, in the midst of thy children, and their children, the calm evening of a well-spent life, and looking forward with a firm hope, inspired by our holy religion, to another and a better state, though thou seemest already to possess as much happiness, as is compatible with the infirmity of our present natures, it may yet afford thee some momentary satisfaction to know, that neither distance of place, nor intervention of time, hath lessened my sense of thine unspeakable goodness; and that, at this moment, my bosom heaves and my eyes drop tears, while I reflect, that without thy tender cares concerning me, when sick and in prison, and far removed from those, whose duty it was to render me service under such distress, I might long ago have been numbered with the dead.

Extract from Gentleman's Magazine 1824

July 6. In Mapledon-place, Burton Crescent, Helena Wife of Edward Whitford Esq. She was the youngest

daughter of Mr Robert Wells and Mary his wife, both natives of Scotland, who settled in Carolina in 1753 and sister of Dr W. C. Wells of whom we gave &c., &c., &c.

Mrs Whitford was the author of some works of considerable merit. *Constantia Neville or the Young West Indian*, a Novel in 3 vols. (See Gent's Mag. vol. LXX, p. 663.) *The Step-mother*, a novel 2 vol. 12 mo. *Letters to Young Females* 12 mo. *Thoughts on Establishing an Institution for the Support and Education of impoverished females.* 8 vo. 1809.

Extract from the Autobiography of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart.

I may take this opportunity of mentioning another society to which I at this time belonged. It was founded in the year 1793, by John Hunter and Dr. Fordyce, under the name of a 'Society for the Promotion of Medical and Chirurgical Knowledge.' It was originally composed of nine members, with a provision that it might be increased to twelve, but that it should never exceed that number. When they were so kind as to elect me into it, in 1808, Fordyce, John Hunter, and Dr John Hunter, three of the original members, had been removed from it by death. The existing members were Dr. Baillie, Mr Home, Dr. (afterwards Sir Gilbert) Blane, Dr. John Clarke, Dr. Robertson Barclay (a son of Dr. Robertson, the historian), Dr. Wells, Mr. (afterwards Sir Patrick) Macgregor, Mr Wilson, Dr. David Pitcairn, and Dr. Lister. The society had already published two volumes, and another was being prepared for publication. We met at dinner once in a month (except during the summer) at Slaughter's coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane. The papers communicated were first read, and then discussed and corrected after dinner. Dr. Wells, who acted

as secretary, was the most active member, and took a great deal of trouble even in correcting the literary composition of the papers. The third and last volume of their transactions was published in the year 1812, and contained one short paper of very little value contributed by myself. From this time the society continued to exist merely as a dining club, Dr. Wells having resigned the secretaryship, to which, though it had become little more than a nominal office, I succeeded. The meetings, however, were very regularly attended, and were, to myself at least, very useful and instructive. In the year 1817, Dr. Wells, who had always been a person of delicate health, became affected with a serious illness, which after some months terminated fatally. Not long before his death, he addressed through me, a letter to the Society, which I still possess, proposing, as it was not probable that they would ever publish another volume, that the society should be dissolved. I suspect that he was apprehensive that, if it continued to exist, its future volumes would not maintain the reputation of those which had preceded them. However that might be, the Society acted on his suggestion, and on June 2, 1818, the formal dissolution of it took place, it being agreed that the book containing the minutes of their proceedings should remain in my hands.

Dr. Wells was one of the most remarkable persons with whom it has been my lot to be personally acquainted. He is too well known by his writings, among which his ‘Essay on Dew’ deserves more especial notice, for it to be worth while for me to speak of him as a philosopher; but I may venture to give some account of him otherwise. He was never married but lived by himself, with (I believe) only a single maid-servant, in a small house in Serjeants’ Inn, Fleet Street. Although he had paid great attention to his profession, and had ample opportunities of studying it as a physician to St. Thomas’s Hospital, he had never more than a

very limited practice. For this, indeed, he was in many respects very unfit: having dry and, in general society, ungracious manners, and being apt to take offence where no offence was intended. Yet he had great kindness and warmth of heart mixed up with these less amiable qualities, and while he was greatly respected by those who really knew him, he was even beloved by the very few with whom he was intimate. His autobiography, which is prefixed to the posthumous edition of his works, is very characteristic, and, when I read it, reminded me very much of that of David Hume, to whom, indeed, as to the character of his intellect, he bore a considerable resemblance, however different he may have been from him in some other respects.

On the side of the Tomb referred to on page 107 is the following inscription:

J. H. S.
Louisa Susannah
Wife of Alexander Aikman
of Jamaica
Obit. Nov. 29th 1831
Aetat 76

Copy from Register of Burials in Northwood Church

Burials in the Parish of Northwood in the County of Southampton in the years 1818 and 1831.

Name	Abode	When buried	Age	By whom the Ceremony was performed
1818—Susanna Aikman (No. 124)	W. Cowes	Nov. 24th	27 yrs.	W. Nickson, Curate of Cowes
1831—Louisa Susannah Aikman	Cowes	Decr. 5th	76 yrs.	J. Breeks

Extract from Gentleman's Magazine December 1818
Page 573.

1818 Nov. 17. At Prospect House, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, in her 27th year, Susannah, fifth daughter and seventh child of Alexander Aikman, Senr. Esqr. of the Island of Jamaica. "An unspotted life is old age."

In the Parish Church yard of Northwood, Isle of Wight, stands an Altar Tomb of Portland Stone, surrounded by an Iron railing, on which is the following Inscription.

Beneath lies interred all that was mortal of Susannah, fifth Daughter and Seventh Child of Alexander Aikman and Louisa Susannah, his Wife, of the Island of Jamaica. Her meek and quiet spirit returned to him that gave it Nov. 17th 1818 in her 27th year. "An unspotted life is old age."

"Stranger, these dear remains contained a mind"
"guileless as infant's and as angel's kind."

In the memorable Storm of Novr. 17th and 18th 1795, she escaped shipwreck, together with her Father, Mother, and infant Sister when above 2000 of their fellow creatures met a watery grave near the back of this Island. "Those that go down to the Sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these are the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep!—but—He brought *them* to their desired Haven.

An affectionate Mother raised this humble
Monument to her departed Saint whose
pilgrimage ended here.

In a distant land a Son and five daughters
have gone down to the silent Tomb! Of such
is the Kingdom of God.

This Manuscript I desire may be preserved for my Grandson Alexander Wells Aikman whom I have brought up from early infancy, and who is now in his fourteenth year. 1821.

West Cowes. Isle of Wight

L. S. A.

Extract from the Register of Burials (kept at Spanish Town, Jamaica) in Half-Way Tree Parish Church Graveyard Kingston Ja.

Charlotte Aikman. 1st Wife of Alex. Aikman Junr.
Buried 9th November 1810 Aged 29

Alexander Aikman Jr. King's Printer. Buried 10th April 1831.—aged 49—

Alex. Aikman Sr. Planter. Buried 6th July 1838.—aged 83—

Louisa Susannah Aikman. Daughter of Alex. Aikman Jr. Buried 9th April 1841.

Mary Bryan. 2nd Wife of Alex. Aikman Jr. Buried 8th October 1850 aged 63. (Buried in A. Aikman Jr.'s grave.)

A. A. Jr. was married to Mary Bryan 10th Jan. 1814.
St. Andrews Reg. Vol. 2 Fol. 127.

Baptisms

Children of A. Aikman Jr. and Charlotte Aikman.	<table border="0"> <tr> <td>Alexr. Wells Aikman born 11th Feb. 1808 at Great Yar-</td><td>mouth England</td></tr> <tr> <td>Amelia Aikman</td><td>“ 2nd Dec. 1809</td></tr> </table>	Alexr. Wells Aikman born 11th Feb. 1808 at Great Yar-	mouth England	Amelia Aikman	“ 2nd Dec. 1809								
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Amelia Aikman	“ 2nd Dec. 1809												
Children of A. Aikman Jr. and Mary Bryan	<table border="0"> <tr> <td>Mary Ann Aikman</td><td>born 9th Jan. 1815</td></tr> <tr> <td>Louisa Susannah Aikman</td><td>“ 24th May 1822</td></tr> <tr> <td>Eliza Aikman (Hitchins)</td><td>“ 25th April 1825</td></tr> <tr> <td>William Bryan Aikman</td><td>“ 22nd Oct. 1826 Bap- tised 25 June 1827</td></tr> <tr> <td>Susannah Wetherell Aikman</td><td>“ 17th June 1829 Bap- tised 2nd Dec. 1829</td></tr> <tr> <td>Robert Wetherell Aikman</td><td>“ 17th Nov. 1830 Bap- tised 20 May 1831</td></tr> </table>	Mary Ann Aikman	born 9th Jan. 1815	Louisa Susannah Aikman	“ 24th May 1822	Eliza Aikman (Hitchins)	“ 25th April 1825	William Bryan Aikman	“ 22nd Oct. 1826 Bap- tised 25 June 1827	Susannah Wetherell Aikman	“ 17th June 1829 Bap- tised 2nd Dec. 1829	Robert Wetherell Aikman	“ 17th Nov. 1830 Bap- tised 20 May 1831
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Extract from Gentleman's Magazine, Supplement to Vol.
CI, Part I.

1831 April 11. In Jamaica, aged 47, Alexander Aikman, Jur. Esq. printer to his Majesty and the Hon. House of Assembly in that Island, and proprietor and editor of the Royal Gazette. He has left a widow and eight children: and his father, whom he succeeded in business still survives.

Extract from the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine
for December 1831, p. 571; made by W. G. Aikman at
Stirling's Library, Glasgow on the 24th day of April
A.D. 1902.

1831 Novr. 29th. At West Cowes, aged 76, Louisa-Susannah, Wife of Alexander Aikman Esqr. formerly King's Printer, and Printer to the Assembly of Jamaica, and for many years a Member of that house. She was born in Charleston, South Carolina, the second daughter of Mr Robert Wells, by Mary, eldest child of John Rowand, Merchant of Glasgow (a descendant of the unfortunate family of Ruthven, Earls of Gowrie, who relinquished that name for Rowand) and was sister to William Charles Wells, M.D. F.R.S. L. and E of whom memoirs are given in our vol. LXXXVIII ii 380, 467; and whose monument in St Bride's, Fleet Street is engraved in our Vol NCI i, 505. The death of Mrs Aikman's Eldest Son, Alexander Aikman Esqre. Printer to the House of Assembly was recorded in our last supplement p. 650. She has left two surviving daughters: Mary married in 1808 to Jas. Smith of St Andrews Jamaica and has a son and two daughters; and Ann-Hunter married in 1811 to John Enwright Surgeon R. N. who was lost at Sea in 1817, leaving two Sons.

Extract from the Gentleman's Magazine for
June 1821—by W. G. Aikman.

Mr Urban.

June 21

As you have been always desirous of showing respect to departed worth and professional talent, I beg you to insert the annexed representation (see Plate III) of a Tablet lately erected in St Bride's Church, Fleet Street, to the memory of Dr William Charles Wells, a learned and skilful physician, and a frequent contributor to your Monthly Miscellany. Soon after his death in 1817, a valuable Memoir and masterly character of him appeared in your vol. LXXVII, ii, p. 467, from the pen of the same kind Friend,* who dictated the accompanying Epitaph. At the foot of the Monument is a copy of the Medal presented to Dr Wells by the Royal Society, on Count Rumford's donation for his Essay on Dew. It is to be regretted there is no portrait extant of this lamented physician.

Mr Robert Wells (the Father of Dr Wells) and spoken of in the Epitaph, is noticed in your Magazine Vol LXIV p. 677 and also in Vol. LXXXVII ii, p. 467. He was a man of high honour, tried integrity, and of considerable literary attainments. He and his family suffered severely for their loyalty during the American War. Three daughters still survive; the eldest Mrs Aikman (whose filial and fraternal affection is here conspicuous); the second Griselda, unmarried; the youngest, Mrs Helena Whitford, has distinguished herself by several publications of considerable merit.

Yours &c.

J. B. N.

* Dr Lister

Copied by W. G. Aikman from Monument in Half Way Tree Church, Kingston, Ja. in April 1902.

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs Charlotte Aikman the wife of Alex. Aikman Jr. Esqre. Printer to His Majesty and to the Honourable House of Assembly of this Island and second daughter of Robt. Cory Esqre. Attorney at Law of Yarmouth Norfolk England who departed this life universally beloved and lamented on the 8th day of November 1810 in the 29th year of her age. In grateful remembrance of her many virtues and as a testimony of his sincere and affectionate regard her afflicted husband hath erected this monument

Extract from Obituary of "The Gentleman's Magazine" for November 1838. Vol. X New Series p. 556.

1838 July 6. At Prospect Pen, St Andrews, Jamaica, aged 83, Alexander Aikman Esqr. proprietor of Birnam Wood and Wallenford in St George's Parish, and late Printer of the Jamaica Royal Gazette.

He was born at Barrowstoun-ness, Co. Linlithgow on the 23rd of June 1755, the second son of Andrew Aikman and Ann Hunter (the only child of William Hunter and his Wife Margaret Aynsley). He left his native country for South Carolina at the age of sixteen, having previously made a voyage to Danzic. After his arrival at Charleston, he apprenticed himself to Mr Robert Wells, a bookseller and printer of a newspaper, the father of William Charles Wells, M.D. F.R.S. L. and Ed. of whom a long memoir will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. 1817, and an

engraving of his monument in St Bride's, Fleet Street, erected by his daughter Mrs Aikman in that for June 1821.

The American Revolution caused Mr Aikman to leave that Country; and after some wanderings, he fixed his residence in Jamaica; where in 1778 he established a newspaper called the "Jamaica Mercury" which title, two years after, the government patronage having been obtained, was altered to that of "The Royal Gazette" under which it still continues to be published. He likewise became printer to the House of Assembly and King's Printer and having resigned those offices to his son Alexander, he was for many years a member of the House of Assembly, as representative of the parish of St George. After his son's death in 1831, he for a short time resumed his business and the conduct of the Royal Gazette, but on a favourable opportunity occurring, he made his retreat from all commercial anxieties. He was a truly honourable, worthy and charitable man; and his death is much lamented. Mr Aikman visited Great Britain in 1795 (in which voyage he was taken by a privateer, and had to repurchase his property at Philadelphia) in 1801, in 1803, and in 1814, but from that time had remained at home.

He married at Kingstown, Jamaica, Jan. 14th 1782, Louisa Susannah, second daughter of his former master Mr Robert Wells. This lady had for four years been his fellow clark in her father's office at Charleston. She joined him from England after no little peril, having twice attempted the voyage: on the first attempt she was captured by the French, by whom she was detained for three months in France, and on the second by a King's ship, in consequence of taking her passage in a slave vessel. By this lady who died on the 29th Nov. 1831, (and of whom a brief memoir will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine vol. CI pt. ii, p. 571) Mr Aikman had two sons and eight daughters, of whom the only sur-

vivors are Mary, the wife of Mr James Smith, of St Andrews, Jamaica, and Ann-Hunter, the Widow of John Enright, Surgeon R.N. His younger son Robert died an infant. His elder son and successor in business, Alexander Aikman Esqr. died on the 11th April 1831, (see Gentleman's Magazine CI, i, 650) leaving a numerous family.

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